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YOU DID NOT COME.

The sun was gliding down the westers sky, The bours of day had almost reached their Who kept the tryst that was appointed? I!

You did not come! I sat and watched the evening's closing ray;
The sunset woods were desolate and
dumb:

I waited till the last faint streak of day. You did not come

'Twas but to give me back a flower or two-A ring-my letters, foolish, doubtless,

Mere trifles! Yet I thought not so; and You did not come!

The moonlight rose and spread its silver

I heard the death-moth round the nightshade hum; A chilly loneness froze my fevered blood:— You did not come !

'Twas at the call of war that forth you went, With blaze of trumpet and with beat of

drum; Your parting passed without a farewell You did not come!

ne word upon a scrap of paper writ— Of pitying comfort but a single crumb: It was not much, you might have spared

And so until the end of all arrives,

I wander far apart—my heart is numb.
Severed for aye the courses of our lives!
You did not come!

Life cannot be what it has been before—
The hours of joy have reached, alas! their sum:

The tryst you kept not can return no more-

SYDNIE ADRIANCE;

on,

Trying the World.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS.

AUTHOR OF "IN TRUST," "CLAUDIA," &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by H. Peterson & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

I waited in nervous anticipation for Philip

the whole evening. I could absolutely have

cried with vexation.

But I came down early the next morning and found him in the library. The happy face was grave and clouded, but he smiled at ny entrance. A few common places passed

You don't look as if you had been very "You don't look as if you had been very deeply troubled," he began. "If it would not sound like flattery I should feel tempted to tall you what I think."

I held up my hands deprecatingly, and

"I have found beauty a rather perilous

"So soon?"
"Don't laugh at me. Be kind and tender and impartial, and help me to decide whether I have committed a great crime or not. For I do need a friend."
"My best is at your service, as you well

told him the story of Hugh Graham's I told him the story of Hugh Granam's ill fated passion, and could hardly repress my delight at the interest he displayed, all the deeper for another woman's sake, yet I had no selfish feeling about it. And then I

spoke of Mr. St. John's comments.

"I do not see where you were to blame," he said with sweet seriousness. But I am sorry you and St. John disagree. Since you cannot help being beautiful, I suppose we must pity your misfortunes. And it has been productive of some good, for it will save two people from an ill-assorted loveless marriage, and give to another—Sydnie, I must tell you—I met Ellen Keith and loved her unwittingly. If I had known all then I might have spoken, but I believed I had no right. To hear that she is free—free," and he lingered softly over the word. "Yet how cold and shy she was last night."

"She would not flaunt her love in any word to sufficiently friends for you to redeem your promise?"

Into sufficiently friends for you to redeem your promise?"

Into sufficiently friends for you to redeem your promise?"

It to leave me, then said in that imperturbable no girllsh hopes nor fears, not even hesitation. I cannot tell why but I had always fancied Anne Sutherland one of the girls who would never marry. Not that she was unattractive or in any degree morbid, and shrong, sweet, but haughty nature, intoleration of her betrothed, to leave me, then said in that imperturbable no girllsh hopes nor fears, not even hesitation. I cannot tell why but I had always fancied Anne Sutherland one of the girls who would never marry. Not that she was unattractive or in any degree morbid, and shrong, sweet, but haughty nature, intoleration one of the girls who would never marry. Not that she was unattractive or in any degree morbid, and shrong, sweet, but haughty nature, intoleration one of the girls who would never marry. Not that she was unattractive or in any degree morbid, and shrong, sweet, but haughty nature, intoleration one of the girls who would never marry. Not that she was unattractive or in any degree morbid, and shrong, sweet, but haughty nature, intoleration one of the girls who would never marry. Not that she was unattractive or in any degree morbid, and shrong, sweet, but haughty nature, intoleration one of the girls who would never m

"Yet how cold and shy she was last night."
"She would not flaunt her love in any
man's face," I said warmly,
"No. She is purity and delicacy itself.
And heroic too. Last summer she put away
the tempting cup with firm hand. God only
could know the anguish of her soul. It
shall be repaid a thousand fold. So you see
I cannot have you."

I cannot blame you."

The others were in the hall, and we went The others were in the hall, and we went to breakfast. Ellen was pale as if she had scarcely slept. Mr. St. John remarked it. "You are losing your roses," he said with kindly solicitude. "As the morning pro-mises to be fine I think we must have a brisk canter over the hills. You will not mind the cold?"

mind the cold?"

Her eyes brightened at that.

"It will be different from the lazy rides we used to have when you were in New York," Philip said to me. "I second the proposal with all my heart."

We waited until the sun was making rapid strides in the blue arch overhead. It was a really delightful winter day with a crisp but not unpleasant air. Mr. St. John tacitly gave Philip his choice of a companion, and I fell to his share.

We had some odd, sharp skirmishing. I was in a splendid humor, toe happy to be irritated by anything he could say. And somewhere on the road Ellen found her roses.

I fancied that Mr. St. John suspected Philip's penchant. They were left a good deal to themselves the remainder of the day and evening. Ellen ran into my room the last thing at night, blushing and happy, yet timid are a form timid as a fawn

"And so the prince won the princess," I

"And so the prince won the princess," I exclaimed laughingly.

"Oh, Sydnie! Did you guess?" and the sweet face was pressed against mine.

"At Christmas, darling. Philip had unwittingly betrayed his part of the secret before. And since I had made one miserable, I longed to bring the other to happiness. Den't blush so pitifully, little white daisy, and keep my kecret from Philip until your wedding-day."

"I wonder if it is wrong to be so happy?"

"Wrong, child? What are you dreaming of? When God brings the love of a brave, sweet, generous heart to you, would it not be ungrateful to mope and sadden over it? I love Philip so well that I shall be jealous if you don't give him every atom of your soul."

"Pear Hugh." She uttered the words

that but few women ever gain. I thought of Laura and her golden fetters, a mockery on marriage. Henceforward I should have some faith

some faith.

Ellen had arranged to return to Mont
Argyle on the following morning. Mr. St.
John was to accompany her, and he extended an invitation to Philip, who was to go on
to Washington afterward.

"I've hardly been civil to you," he said as we stood waiting in the reception-room for Ellen to come down. "I have left a host of things yet unsaid. Are you work-ing out your own life problem satisfac-torily?"

Pray, do not demand too much of me I said gayly. "I have been studying by room philosophy."
"You have a brain for better things."
One day follow "I have been studying ball-

"Does it matter much? One day follows another in purposeless confusion, and thus

they go."
"Pursuing shadows. Will you recognize
the great truths of life when you come to
them? For if you passed them by and took
the shadows, you would make an irremediable wreck."

"Do you see that in my face? Are we

He thought a moment, giving me a peculiar, scrutinizing glance.

"Yes," he rejoined, "and if I vex, you
must be merciful and forgive. You have a
strong, sweet, but haughty nature, intolerant of restraint, impatient, singularly reserved at times. Many people go through
life scarcely taking an impression because
all feelings are so easily effaced. It will not
be so with you. You have an ardent temperament, tropical fire and passion in your
veins, but you are proud to the last degree,
and would endure what might kill another
woman. With your affluent nature and
manifold charms there will be much temptation to use your power, but oh, be careful.
When you love—"
"What then?" for he made a long pause.

"I could almost pity the man you will
lare. Ven havent much faith, ven will

"What then?" for he made a long pause.

"I could almost pity the man you will love. You haven't much faith—you will try him sorely at times. Heaven grant that he may not be too weak for his destiny."

"Not very flattering, I must confess."

"But I do give you credit for power beyond what most women possess. You absorb all impressions rapidly, and therein lies the greater danger. You will the sooner exhaust pleasures and enjoyments, and then must come continual restlessness or discontented stagnation. It is a strange, daring, yet delightful nature to rule. If I could place you in the hands of a strong, patient, generous friend—"

"I think I shall prove sufficient for my-

generous friend—"

"I think I shall prove sufficient for myself. I suppose I shall presently come to the level of other women."

"Heaven forbid!" he said carnestly.

"Peculiar people are always a trial," I returned with some feeling.

"You must learn not to be a trial. My dear friend, the grace of a patient spirit is worth strying for."

"I am not patient. I never sould be."

"On the contrary, you can be. There, I have sermonized you and teased you, but I want you to know that no brother would ever be more ready to defend you than I. It is because I see great possibilities that I tremble." tremble. There were steps in the hall and tender

farewells. Mr. St. John glanced back once, questioning me with his eyes, all aglow with bewildering lights.

CHAPTER IX.

The good want power, but to weep barren tears: The powerful goodness want, worse need for them; The wise want love, and those who love want wisdom And all best things are thus confused to ill.

After Phillip and Ellen had gone, we settled into comparative quiet. Holiday festivities were over, and we had been so gay that it was good to have a little rest. At least it seemed rest got to have more than one or two balls or dinner parties where we had counted them by dozens. Mrs. Lawrence was lovely and placid as ever, Mr. St. John changeable and puzzling. I knew he was glad to have his friend happy, and yet he appeared to hold a curious grudge against me on Hugh Graham's account. I could not seem to learn what course would have met

in the shade of Mrs. Lawrence's flowing robes, but the hand she extended trembled visibly to watchful eyes.

"You have given me everything. Do you keet?"

"You have given me everything. The glad you are not jealous and love to hear his praises, I did not know that," and St. John went last summer at Sulphur saif in moved by a sudden consciousness. She kissed me and went away. Hithton was fillent too, and presently went to the table and took up a book she had been reading.

I did not design to have him remain long in doubt, but nothing ever happens as one plans it. Mr. St. John kept him engrowed the whole evenime.

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I did not design to have him remain long in doubt, but nothing ever happens as one plans it. Mr. St. John kept him engrowed the world was in quite a forticit, for it good part, and decided to go at the earliest me on Hugh Graham's account. I could not doe seen to learn what course would have met with his approbation. I confess I did some time of long in the tall analytic of hard and some times enjoy rulling his lengly plumes. If people found me catertaining, and though the analytim is entire times enjoy rulling his lengly plumes. If people found me catertaining kind of frank, resolute nature to sway hers. He had such a cheerful fashion of finding his way through difficulties. Doubting his way through difficulties. Doubting Castle would not long be an abode for

him. And so the spring came to us. Long, lovely days, touched with faint fragrance, murmurous winds chanting ballads from orient shores, and that tender suggestiveness the world always presents when waking from its long sleep. Hardy blossoms nod-ding in early beauty, budding trees, and birds twittering softly or cleaving the air

with their swift, glittering wings.

One day I received an epistle from the only schoolmate I had really loved, though only schoolmate I had really loved, though we had not been very fervent correspondents. She reminded me of a promised visit and begged its fulfilment now, as she was about to be married. If I would only be her bridesmaid! There were several reasons why she wished this, and in any event she must have the visit. Did I remember our long talks at school, which had been the wonder of the other girls? She had never feath in the property of the state of the property of the state of the st

indifferent smile, "you seem to be the centre of romance. Promise that you will not com-

of romance. Promise that you will not commit any folly yourself."
"The girls at school used to call Anne and myself 'old maids," I returned laughingly.
"I think I am in no great danger."
"Oh, I expect you to marry some time.
Only it is well to exercise a little judgment."
"Which means that I are the first that I are the fi

"Which means that I am not to fall in love with a poor man!"
"You still seem to consider the love a ne-

"You still seem to consider the love a necessity?" and her tomes were as cold and as near to sarcasm as hers ever came.

"It is to me. I could never content myself with gilded shams, feast my material senses while my soul starved. I must have something real."

"My dear Sydnie, your feelings are too strong. Many of the so-called love marriages are extremely unsatisfactory. Do not wreck your all on this fluttering phantom. It is as likely to be a sham as some of those things you protest against so vehemently."

"At least Philip and Ellen found it," I said triumphantly.

"At least Philip and Ellen found it," I said triumphantly.
"Yet you see they were not governed simply by fancy."
"You suppose," I said warmly, "that Philip considered whether Ellen was rich or poor? She might have been altogether dependant upon her uncle for aught he knew. Or he might have had nothing beside his health and energy."

"Society is a kind of protection and voucher for these things. If one pays heed to its wise restrictions, one will never go very far astray."

Her dignified tone and air of superior wis-

Her dignified tone and air of superior wia-dom amused me.

"Mrs. Lawrence, did you never experience any temptation to love?" I asked

"My mother committed that folly. She chose to be disinherited for the sake of the man she married. My grandfather over-looked it far enough to adopt Stuart. The other children, except myself, died young. I do not think my home was particularly happy, and when Mr. Lawrence, a wealthy West India merchant, made me a proposal of marriage, I accepted it with no regret, though he was forty and I but sixteen. He was proud of my beauty, kind and indulgent, and we lived together most comfortably."

and we lived together most comfortably."
Certainly she was neither faded nor worn.
No trials or cares had dimmed the fair face.
But could I chalure such a life? The volcano
at the bottom of my soul would find vent
and scatter widespread desolation.
I took her pleasant cautions and advice in
good part, and decided to go at the earliest
date Anne mentioned, which would give me
a fortieth still at Laurelywood.

of rhapsody when you come to renew the rows made in your moonlight walks. I wonder she has not occupied more of your We never made vows," I retorted an-

mily "You draw too largely upon your "Could any school girl pass through such an ordeal unfettered? You surprise me more

He lifted his level eyebrows with an incredulous expression that roused me to a white heat.

'If you had been a woman, you would not misjudge us so abominably. Since you are incapable of forming a true estimate of wo-men's regard for each other—"

"It is owing to circumstances, not choice." I was angry enough to say anything.

"Allow me to congratulate you that events are likely to place you among more congenial companions. You have my best wishes," and with a haughty bow he sauntered through the hall.

I believe he takes delight in annoying me, making me the target for his satirical shafts. If I did not know that he could be gracious and tender, I could the more easily forgive him. And then why does he sometimes take such pains to please me?" He is a mystery, a book wherein the reader no sooner fancies he understands one page, before the leaf flies over and leaves him astonished at the change. The attractive and the repellant forces are so great in him, and he affects those with whom he comes in contact, so differently. There are times when I positively hate him—then again, I am drawn to him by a power that I cannot resist, and find him all gentleness. If he would always be thus.

The morning of my departure be met me

thus.

The morning of my departure he met me coming down the stairs, and paused in the

hall.

"You will return in a radiant mood, doubtless. Believe that I shall take great interest in watching for the day."

"I am not given to sudden or wonderful changes of temperament," I said, curtly.

"Only in temper."

"As you like."

I would have passed him then, but he turned and crossed the hall with me.

"I've proved your stability, I think. At all events come back good-humored. I have almost forgotten how you look when you smile."

amile

"It can be of little consequence, then."
I kept my eyes on the marble tiles, and would not glance up. "One likes to live in peace and charity

"One likes to live in peace and charity with all men and some women."

That soft, peculiar sound in his voice. It sped through my nerves, but I would not allow it to move me outwardly.

"How cruel you are! At least, let us part friends;" and he held out his hand. The deep eyes radiated crystals of light, for now I could not keep them from meeting.

now I could not keep them from meeting It was my turn, however, and coolly ig-

noring the power that I knew I could contest only for a moment or two, I said, only for a moment or two, I said,

"I did not know we were enemies. I have
not been considering the subject."

His face gloomed over with a strange expression. I could not understand whether
he was pained or space.

he was pained or angry, and must have yielded in another instant, but Mrs. Law-rence came fluttering down, heralded by the scent of some rare perfume. She was to accompany me to the station "Good-by," Mr. St. John said, with gay srelessness. "I dare say you will be a con-

vert to matrimony when you return."

I glanced back once after we were in the carriage. He was leaning against one of the fluted columns, twining a slender creeper.

"You'll come back with your head so full of romance that we shall seem dismally tame and prosaic people to you," he said.

"I haven't complained of the tameness yet. On the contrary Laurelwood has been very gay, to my thinking; more so than it will be with the Sutherlands. Judging from my friend, they are a quiet household."

"I have not been quite correct in my selection of a word, perhaps. It was not exactly amusement that I meant. You and your friend will be up in the seventh heaven of thapeoly when you come to renew the was a thoughtful, studious girl, with that rare self reliance that kept her from exact-ing much from those with whom she was brought in contact. Neat, quiet, I found her really delightful for conant company.

Her mother had been an invalid many

Her mother had been an invalid many years. And Anne's ambities, it appeared to me, was to render herself capable of supplying her mother's place as far as possible. She had talked of the children and their domestic menage, until I seemed to know them all, and experienced none of the awkwardness of going among strangers. But why she should have decided to marry so suddenly, and why she had made no mention of a lover in her previous letters, puzzled me not lover in her previous letters, puzzled me not

men's regard for each other—"
"It is a pity," he interrupted, with his mocking smile. "I should have made you so much more desirable a companion, as I could then have understood all these little.

It was late at night when I arrived at Baltimore. Anne and her father came for me, Mr. Sutherland was one of those tall, quiet, aristocratic looking men that carry generations of refinement in their faces. He gave those of the property of the proper It was late at night when I arrived at Bal-more. Anne and her father came for me. must have the visit. Did I remember our sider aburdities."

sider aburdities."

"Daubtless the sex would receive a charm-found just such a friend, and longed for me more than she could express.

Something in the letter roused my curi
Something in the letter roused my curi
sider aburdities."

"Daubtless the sex would receive a charm-ing addition. Personally I am not in want of companions."

There was a pause, and I began to congruent the finds. Be gave them a cordial, high-bred welcome, and proved himself no less a gentleman than Mr. St.

John, except that he was more formal. Anno resembled him in many respects. She, too, was tall, slender, and fair. Animation algratulate myself inwardly. He turned as if





younger ones, healthy, frotesome children, to whom Anne was a second mother. She appeared to comprehend their wants at a glance, and her quiet ministry subdued and harmonized them sampletely. It was indeed a hance

a happy group.

When the children were despatched to school and Anne's household tasks com-pleted, we found ourselves at hat together in the cosy sitting room. Sr. Sutherland went to his business early in the morning, d not return until the late dinner We were not likely to be interrupted

for some time.

"Anne," I began, "I am all impatience to hear about the lover whose Inscinations have proved sufficiently potent to win you from this horse. Take a lattle pity upon me."

"There is no remance about it," the re-turned slowly. "It is to be just a plain, un-pretending matter of fact marriage."
"And the love? I must confess to you that I have developed an insutable thirst for love parts."

that I have developed an insulation thirst for love matters.

Size turned her eyes away absently. "He has loved ma for years," she said, "and is control to take me, trusting to the future. "Then you don't have bine." Then you don't have bine." There was a pool deal of disappointment in my tone. "Yes," she replied, "I think I do love the trust of the love that the love the

she was too grave. It exemed to me that daily duties and events only teached the cuter surface of her soul and that the fire deep withis, had never been kindled.

I knew by her bright smile how glad she was to see me. She questioned me a little about my life, and how I had enjoyed it since our parting at school; spoke of Laura and two or three others.

"It seems a contary since then," she remarked, slowly.

I longed to ask about hermif, but delicacy withheld me. There would be time enough for all explanations.

I longed to ask about hermif, but delicacy withheld me. There would be time enough for all explanations.

"Mamma and the children have retired." She made quite a pause.

"Well," I said, and then he fell in love. Anne, I am quite interested in your hero. And you fancied that you must marry him."

I like to hear him tail. His pleasant your room. Mannea left strict injunctions that you should not be kept up a moment longer than was necessary."

Her voice was soft and cheerful; and I could guess nothing from the calm face. Patience, I said to myself; but as I give her a good night kies, I held her in a tender and reassuring clasp.

"You have forgotten nothing," she exclaimed, with a sudden inpulse. "I was claimed, with a sudden inpulse." I was claimed, the flowers and books he was fend of, "You have forgotten nothing," she exclaimed, with a sudden impulse. "I was
almost afraid I should find my friend
changed."
"Not to you," I responded.
I some fell selecp, and it was late when I
rece the next morning. I gave a thought
to Laurelwood and its inmates, and missed.
"You should have sommoned all your
"You should have sommoned all your
"You should have sommoned all your

to Laurelwood and its inmates, and missed Thirm's swift fingers. Anne soon made her appearance, charmingly neat in a morning dress of French cambrie. The house was actir with children's flying footsteps and pleasant voices—rather new sounds to me.

Mrs. Satherland awaited us in the break fast room. She, toe, was very fair, but small and fragile looking. A sweet, patient face, hearing traces of much suffering, but not prevish or unclambelly. Walter, four years younger than Anne, inherited this slender constitution, blonde, hine-veined complexion, drooping eyes, nervous, susceptible temperament, and was subject to a spinal malady that would increaching him for the severe struggles of life. Four younger ones, healthy, frolicsome children, to whom Anne was a second mother. She

I anderstood that this would be the one love of his soul, and somehow I couldn't hight it. But I told him that I did not believe I was really in love. He turned to me quickly, his face pale, his eyes filled with apprehension, and asked me if there was any one I fancied or liked better. Though he meant to devote his life to making me happy, he

would not have me sacrifice even a thought.

I holded at her steadily. A faint color
wandered over her face, but the brightness
and hope that should have been its glory e not there. Well?" I questioned.

were not there.

"Well?" I questioned.

"There was no one in where I had as much confidence, no one for whom I cared specially. Of course we always have friends, but friends are not levers."

She turned away, though her tenes were very distinct and untrembling.

"I don't like it," I exclaimed impulsively.

"It is almost as if Mr. Otis beight you!"

"No. Sydnie, don't say that. I was quite free. He made me understand that in a most delicate fushion."

"Are you glid to marry him?"

"I never thought of marrying any one. I used to plan to stay here with mamma nod watch the others growing up. The blea was so new to me that I heatstafed a little."

I remembered Ellen and her sweet, delicious hopes. This was but a paltry imitalinfous hopes,

And so we had but merely a plain quiet gentleman, the kind of person one might suppose would make a good, trusty friend, but not an enthusiastic

lover.

His taste was certainly fine, and he paid little regard to expense. He was so decirous of pleasing Anne, that he would have purchased half the warehouse, and had his walls adorned every week in a different style. She hesitated; in fact, I suspected she took no great interest in the matter. She was not

happy.
What a strange world it was! So very few coming to the highest enjoyment. Some lives full of straining effort and self-denial, and yet never attaining the peace that crowns unconscious love, that should come as a birthright to all cameat souls.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1868.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those lat well known magnetics. THE LABY'S Fitted in order that the clube may be made up of the pend magnetic conjudnity when so desired, and are follows—the copy and a large Premium Steel graving \$2.20; Tuo copies \$4.00; Four et \$4.00; Eight copies and one grate; \$42.00. copy of THE POST, and one of THE ADS FRIEND, \$4.00. Every person certing up a will receive the Frenium Teogram in addition

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The Death Shadow of The Poplars.

We can supply back numbers of THE POST to Jan. 4th, containing the whole of this interesting story.

This was but a paltry imita. perused with a great deal of interest.

WHAT CAN WOMEN DO!

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. BY "ZIG."

It rouses the Old Adam within me to hear women wishing they had been born men.

They are women possessed of just enough
unrest to make them peevish and complaining, not enough to make them noble and aspiring. When a woman wishes herself a man, it is only her shabby excuse for idle-

You wish you were a man, do you? I tell you if you were a man you would be just as good-for-nothing in the world as you are now. A man must struggle and sweat and fight against himself and against others, here below, if he become anything that is good or honorable; a woman can do the same thing. You and such as you will only same thing. You and such as you will only fold your hands and sit in the corner and fret, whether born into the world as man or woman, and you would better have been born a patient, industrious donkey than either. "She bath done what she could" was the holy commendation pronounced upon a woman of old. Modern civilization has not improved on that compliment. If you have not done, nay, have not even tried to do what you could, you have no business here with your pany whine. "I wish I were a man!" Pray, madame, who knows best, God or you?

In every way, except politically, women can already do almost what they will in this country. What is to hinder? Let them answer if they can. A brave strong soul, whether it be a man's or a woman's soul, does not work its will by anybody's leave. There is no royal road to success in anything, except the right royal highway of steady endeavor. the right royal highway of steady endeavor. A woman of patience and courage can mould for herself as brilliant a destiny as any man living. You do not believe it? Then you are weak minded indeed, and don't deserve are weak minied indeed, and don't deserve a destiny. But you can be energetic and high-spirited enough to choose your own business and mind it, without asking men's permission, can't you? Try it, try it. But the time to try is now. Women never bad such golden opportunities as we have in our own native land at this moment. If we fall to use these concentratives however let fail to use these opportunities, however, let us remember one thing:—Let us remember that we shall be very mean spirited if we throw the blame of our failure upon Ame-

rican men.
The world is full of divine callings. In SYDNIE ADRIANCE;
OH, TRYING THE WORLD.

We began in The Post of April 4th, the above novelet by Miss Douglas, It is the story of a young girl's adventures in "trying the world," and we think will be perused with a great deal of interest. It will probably run through from 6fteen to twenty numbers of The Post.

He world is full of divine callings. In the soul of each earnest man and woman, born with the man or woman, underlying and giving shape to every other desire, is the feeling: "I can do this or that work better than any other which the world may be it so our divine calling. The instinctive feeling of what we can do is the fluger of God pointing us to what we shall do. There are good demons now, exactly as in the days of Socrates.

Well, every sensible woman has her divine calling. Some women are called to be good vives, mothers, and housekeepers. That's

thus, only it have the poster that price takes about 1 for both that proper that price takes and the proper that price takes and the proper that price takes are present as the condition of the proper than price takes and the price takes and the proper takes and the

THE GALAXY. The May number is an excellent one, containing articles by Mrs. of genius. Genius has no gender. A spofford, Marion Harland, &c. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York.

PUBLIC SPIRIT FOR MAY. Capital reading, as usual. Published by Le Grand Beneshiet, New York.

A divine enthusiasm fills the sounce, as well as the sounce of the containing of the sounce of the containing of the of genius. Genius has no gender. At wish we could take to our hearts in each wish we could take to our hearts in earnest, that there is really and truly no excellence without great labor. Great labor will never weary you, if you work from leve of your work. A divine enthusiasm fills the soul of one whose work is a labor of love. A divine enthusiasm which inspires him when he is discouraged, which lifts him up when he is faint, and never leaves him, but is his pullar of cloud by day and his willer of cloud hy day and his willer of cloud his day and his willer of the his raint, and nover leaves him, but is his pillar of cloud by day, and his pillar of free by night. If you feel this enthusiasm, it is the true sign that you have found your place. But above all, and before all, de not let the miserable round of empty, heartless, fashionable life, swallow up the aspirations of your bright, blessed youth. For they come but once.

ne but once.

Thus far, when one of the monthly magazines came, bringing an article called "Mr. Thom, White's Little Sermon." The preacher is a very honest, sensible gentleman, with a very sharp pen, and he is quite right to re-buke the extravagance of New York ledies, but, as is the case with many another honest gentleman, since he himself is not a weenan, since he never was one, moreover there being no prospect that he ever will become one, when it comes to writing of women, with Mr. Thom. White imagination now and then takes the place of experience. How can any man know what is best for every

Mr. Thom. White affirms that in no world's work is woman equal to man, that man invents and cuts out even the patterns v hich show us how to dress ourselves. show us how to dress ourselves. I do not wonder at it. Men have always been rather fond of cutting out patterns for us to g. by. It comes so naturally to them, indeed, that even this honest gentleman cannot refrain from cutting out his little pattern to which women shall trim themselves down. But if men do cut out our dress-patterns, then the more slame to them that they do not laws.

men do cut out our dress-patterns, then the more shame to them that they do not leave such work for women, and do semething more worthy of their "robust and rough strength."

Mr. Thom. White's little dress-pattern is —Marriage. We have heard that suggested once or twice before. He says:

"I affirm that a kindly, sympothetic, loving, industrious, capable, doing, intelligent, handsome young woman can many whoever she pleases."

Now it is to be regretted that, in the above fine sentence, Mr. Thom. White is so

Now it is to be regretted that, in above fine sentence, Mr. Thom, White carried away by enthusiasm for his sulthat he forgets his grammar so entirely, it is still more to be regretted that, igard to his statement of fact in the sentence. gard to his statement of fact in the same sentence, the gentleman was never farther cut of the way in his life. I myself know at this moment at least a dozen years women, kindly, sympathetic, loving, a.c., Ac., Ac., Ac., Ac., enough to sit in haparat the head of any household in this world, but for whom no husbands can be half, for love or money. They cannot choose their husbands, because there are no husbands to

husbands, because there are no husbands to be chosen. Mr. White himself says as much, a little farther on:

"In the city of New York there is already a surplus of thirty-eight thousand and fifty-six spinsters."

If there is nothing in the world for women.

x spinsters."

If there is nothing in the world for weenen but marriage, where, then, are the hushands to come from, who shall fulfill the desting of these thirty-eight thousand and fifty-six mateless ones? Mr. White cannot many them all.

them all.

It's too had that this good gentleman, who is really eloquent and truthful in some passages, and so many passages, too, should have allowed himself to descend into such absurdaties in others. For instance, it is such a pitifully "small fact" where he directates a woman's "curious inability to do business," by the following:

"For several thousands of years woman has insisted on buttoning her own ciothes and her children's clothes behind."

ALT PUBLICATIONS.

ALT PUBLICATI life to them.

"One day pape came home looking so bright and relieved that I autered an involuntary cry of poy, and begged hun to tell me what had occurred. One of those marvellous incidents that happen to some people and some rather noisy elections from Troystore, and sound like a fairy tale. He had gone to Mr. Otis and haid a plain statement of the case before hom, explaining what he purposes to do, and upon looking told the bod home. So I would not even hade a grainer. He was reputed very wealthy, formed with I was electrifying them with I was clearly taked by Harper & Brothers; and lake to do any of these things well requires years of patient, untiring preparation. And this is why so many women fail, and this is why so many women fail, and bring reproach upon all womankind. As Strict's Ryr-Hours. By Jean INOne and had a plain statement of the case before hom, explaining what he purposes to do, and upon looking told the bod home. So I would not even hade of the part of the purposes and sound had a plain statement of the case before hom, explaining what he purposes to do, and upon looking told the bod home. So I would not even hade of the purposes and so I would not even hade to the part of the purposes sing.

"I had not even the one presently. They do not the find that the allowed the will be do any of these things well antitive of any of these things well become a flatile layer of part and bring reproach upon all womankind. They rush at the title of M. P., rush into the purpose to do and propose to do and upon looking told the purpose with the was one of those rollicking, drinking. So, Diantis, Cass."

A Strict's Quiet Live. A Novel. By the address of the set them with subtract to do any of these things well aritimate to do any of these things well and to do any of these things well and the subtract to do any of these things believes; and bring reproach upon all womankind. They rush the sold by Casta Brothers. By Jean IN
They rush the active that I untered an involution of the some people in the told of

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before. To this day, a dozen swarthy fel-lows roll up their eyes in unspeakable admi-ration of the pluck and good management of

astrations prove nothing, you will say. That is quite true. But if mine do not prove anything, no more do yours.

How would Mr. White like to think that

his wife had married him, not because she leved him, bless his unsophisticated soul, as I but only for a home? Carry out his philosophy to its infallible result, and that is what he leaves two-thirds of our sex to do. Woman must prepare, not to earn her own living by a trade which shall secure her an honest subsistence through thick and this, but only to be a—" charmer," whether the animal who is to be charmed and loved and petted ever come or not. No wonder a woman who has been taught all her life that it is forever man's destiny to make the money and woman's destiny to make the money and woman's destiny to spend it, should ac-knowledge herself ready to turn even serpent charmer, and "marry the devil." If I be-lieved marriage to be the chief end of woman, for the sake of accomplishing my des-tiny, I should be quite willing to marry Old himself, incarnate or uncarnate

Satan himself, incarnate or uncarnate.

The woman who, instead of seeking to acquire honor, dignity, independence, of and for herself, will deliberately marry only for the sake of being supported, deserves harder works than one would like to write down here. I dare say Mr. White will agree to that But just so long as he tells weak wearen, silly women and stupid women that they are bern only to be married, just so long will they tay their dead bost by every they are bern only to be married, just so long will they try their dead best, by every possible trick of dress and manner, to trap the unwary Mr. Whites and Peters of society. And I shouldn't be a bit surprised if their man-traps were to succeed.

Frepare to be wives, shall we, and "wait till the blessed day comes?" *Lean to make

children's clothes, even to buttoning them before, and then sit down and—starve. "He will use her and trample upon her?" In the name of high heaven, Mr. White,

the name of high heaven, Mr. White, u men all brutes? Did you ever have d mother, or a pure sister?
must not, on pain of "going to the whatever that may be, attempt man's But who shall tell us what "man's is? Who is so wise that he can hy an iron law for one-half the human on the globe? Who is any man, that y come with his little the trumpet,

or not! Get husbands, every one of whather you want them or not! On the Partridge.

"Caw, Caw!" said the old Crow, "that didn't strike me!"

acre are these who hope better things onen. There are those who work and for nothing so much as for the day women will be trained and competent "man's work." For the coming day which will give to every poor woman an honorable means of earning her own bread. So that marriage will no longer be to her the trade by which she makes her living, but whenever she gives herself to an honest, pure man, it will be because, of all living men, he is the only one to whom she would thus give herself. Will not that be a plea-

Oh there is a grand field now open for woman's efforts. Now, for the first time in this at I world's history, we can fill an eloquent page, if we will. In our young native land, where men are chivalrous and helpful, where the husks of old prejudice are dropping away, women can be what they will. A field lies before us, fair and blooming as "the dream of some prophet of old." The work is ready at our hands, the work which leader will done it to prove that we are inbeing well done, is to prove that we are in-level what we claim to be. But the work must be done first.

The Coming Man's has come at last. He three horse power, and weighs five and pounds, being seven feet nine in a and big in propertion. Yes! we handled and joked often enough about men, but we have got one at last. Mr. Deddrick has invented the modern contains and in these days of inventant discoveries, we should hudly like we doubt the statement. The invented here made just in the very nick of should not be lifted a heir's breaklin in my own this forehead to collect his thoughts, was his custom, while the Senators, "I was his

gently backwards and forwards on the treewith the coal-senttle may come into collision
with the foothers and spain, "don't
would began to the supposed monit
reputation
with the coal-senttle may come into collision
with the foothers ended the supposed monit
reputation
with the coal-senttle may come into collision
with the foothers ended the supposed monit
reputation
with the foothers ended the supposed monit
reputation
with the foothers ended the supposed monit
reputation
with the foothers ended the supposed monit
reputation the explained the mistake, and the drow ay Senter. I don't want to be a raven, though, "re
reputation the mistake, and the drow ay Senter of the other sentators
with upon the head of the supposed monit
reputation the explained the mistake, and the walls of the
explained the mistake, and the walls of the supposed monit
reputation the straw hat is, nor explained the drow ay Senter

room the original.

A German lady in Iowa has become rook."

"I forgot that," said the Crow; "but I "St non e zero, e ben trocato."

"I forgot that," said the Crow; "but I "St non e zero, e ben trocato."

"I forgot that," said the Crow; "but I "St non e zero, e ben trocato."

"I fergot that," said the Crow; "but I "St non e zero, e ben trocato."

"I fit is not true, it ought to be.—Bultimore so handsome and so swift of thight."

Leader. husband and children in order to return.

Original Fables.

BY MRS PROSSER

THE OLD BEE'S HINT.

"What! on a danddion!" exclaimed a young Bee to an old one, in surprise and Why not?" said the old Bee; "do you

"Why not?" said the old Ree; "do you suppose honey is to be found only in roses? If you do, learn this; honey is honey wherever it comes from, and there's no flower so humble but a little painstaking may get some out of it. I am not ashamed to confess that I have made a more profitable visit to this homely dandelion than I have idly done to many a splendid exotic. Besides, more depends on the way we use our opportunities than on the opportunities themselves."

UNDERSTANDING A HINT.

"It's time to go said the Swallows to the Starli

artings. "Why?" said the Starlings; "winter is

not come yet.

"No," said the Swallows, "not come exactly; but there have been chilling winds and gloomy skies frequent of late, and we prefer leaving with this gentle hint, to being starved or stermed out.

WHERE IT COMES SHARP.

"Well! that is surprising!" said a young Jackal to his mother. "I have seen the hunters rattle balls from their rifles against that elephant, and they fell from his tough hide like hailstones; and those flies have actually made him caper about quite in a

fury!"
"Ah, son!" said the old Jackal, the secret is, that the flies have found out where his skin is thin; most of us have a tender spot somewhere; and even an elephant, when that is touched, feels the bite of a contemptible fly more than he would the stoutest rifle where he is invulnerable."

NOT ALWAYS FLATTERING TO BE "LET ALONE.

"They never shoot us," said an old Crow to a Partridge, that after a flight of terror from a murderous gun had escaped to a quiet spot where some crows were feeding. She

long grass, still panting with alarm.
"I say," said the old Crow, sidling up to her, "they never attempt to shoot us."

"I say," said the old Grow, siding up to her, "they never attempt to shoot us."
"Don't they?" said the Partridge.
"No; I can't think why. We are very handsome, and very useful, and highly respectable. I can't think why they let us alone, and are so fond of shooting you." said the old Crow, with an inquisitive look,
"Ah—I didn't know there was any difkeep to your babies, whether you have or not! Get husiands, every one of

UNDER A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

"Well! there's a great deal in knowing one's neif," said Grim the yard-dog to a poor half-starved Cur that ran in and out by sufferance and picked up a bit or a bone as he

"Oh, yes, sir, I quite agree with you;

only sometimes, as in my case, there's nothing worth knowing," said the Car.
"Self-knowledge," observed Grim, "saves us from conceit. It is quite sad to observe the mistakes people make through ignorance."

end well done, is to prove that we are inend what we claim to be.

"We!—ngly! What do you mean by your
impulence?" said Grim, showing his teeth.

"I should hope I make a handsome as she is
my dry, only my beauty is of a different
kind."

coal, and
it's a very wise dog indeed that arrives at it.
The only these day will not that I am nearly always hungry—a fact that to have a did which a dimits of no mistake."

When from his lafty set he thus began:
"I move, Mr. President, that we take up the nomination of the Minister to Russia, that I am nearly always hungry—a fact that to now lying upon your table; and I desire to offer some remarks on that nomination, and

"Should you?" said the neighbor; "I wouldn't be branded as a thief and a busy-body, the very tip-top of all mischief, as she is, to be ten times as handsome. Why, the folks go about destroying her nests wherever they find it, because she is so good for nothing."

thing."
"Certainly, certainly; I agree with you her nest is never safe; but as to that, neither are ours. A storm comes, and then where are we? The jackdaws are the best off. No-body disturbs them, the wind cannot reach them, and their nests never want repairing. Oh, I wish I were a jackdaw, don't you?"
"What!" cried the neighbor, weary of her thing

What!" eried the neighbor, weary of he "What!" cried the neighbor, weary of her complainings; "would you like to spend all your life in the gloom of the old church tower, gliding in and out of a hole all day long, instead of rocking about in the breeze on this glorious green tree? Not I! Ravens and rooks, and pies and daws, are heartily welcome to all their advantages. I envy none of them; but, taking the bad and good together, am quite satisfied that no lot can beat the lot of a crow."

Ancedote of Buniel Webster.

More than once the question of the settlement of their respective boundary lines had endangered the amicable relations between the United States and the British possessions in Canada, and more than once did this subject come near bringing on a collision, and it was strange that it should have been left so long unsettled. The Ashburton treaty, negotiated by Mr. Webster, withdrew that question from the field of discussions by politicians in England and America.

In this, as in rosst matters of serious importance, a portion of a fund, expressly to be used for the secret service, was expended by Mr. Webster, under the advice and by the authority of the President of the United States. More than once the question of the settle

State

Some discharged clerk or disappointed officer-seeker, got the ear of Charles J. In-gersoll, of Pennsylvania, and induced him to make a public charge in the House of Regersoll, of Pennsylvania, and induced him to make a public charge in the House of Representatives, asserting that Mr. Webster had made an improper use and wrongful appropriation of some of this money. Such a charge, coming from one of the representatives of the people, and implicating so distinguished a statesman, produced an immense deal of feeling. A committee was appointed at the request of Mr. Webster and his friends, who made and insisted on a most rigid investigation of the whole matter, the result of which was, as every man who knew anything of the character of Mr. Webster must have foreseen, that there was not the slightest foundation for the charge, and that, so far from withholding the funds from the legitimate use of the Government, it turned out that Mr. Webster land neglected to charge the Government with a number of sums which be had actually expended, and which were allowed him on a final settlement. It is greatly to be depresented that and which were allowed him on a final settlement. It is greatly to be deprecated that the House of Representatives should be made the channel through which party rancer and personal vindictiveness convey their vile slanders against men whose integrity and reputation are a part of the wealth and glory of the Commonwealth, to be as carefully guarded and protected as the property and persons of her citizens. Mr. Webster was mortal, and, like his fellow-men, may have had his faults, but most certainly the love of money was not one of them. Indeed his carelessness and indifference about money affairs was proverbial,—and many anecdotes instances people make through ignorance."

"Well, there's a great advantage that way in being poor; for nobody flatters the poor, so they are in less danger of being conceited."

"Well, there's a great advantage that way in being poor; for nobody flatters the poor, so they are in less danger of being conceited."

"True," replied Grim; "but there's Mopsy did you ever notice her? She is so self-satisfied, so full of admiration of her charms, she can hardly walk,"

"Ah, she is very pretty indeed; I suppose here and the budget, the husks of old prejudice are dropedly, women can be what they will, have before us, fair and blooming as ream of some prophet of old." The ready at our hands, the work which ell done, is to prove that we are intent we claim to be.

We!—ugly! What do you mean by your hardly in the ready at our hands, the work which ell done, is to prove that we are intent we claim to be.

We!—ugly! What do you mean by your in price in the intent property in the intent property.

We!—ugly! What do you mean by your intent property in the intent property in the intent property.

We!—ugly! What do you mean by your intent property is a property in the property in the property.

We!—ugly! What do you mean by your intent property is property.

We!—ugly! What do you mean by your intent property.

We intended the bunger of make through ignoration and was proverbial,—and many anecdotes were told about Boston and Washington, affairs was proverbial,—and many anecdotes were told about Boston and Washington, and was proverbial,—and many anecdotes were told about Boston and Washington, and its excelessness and indifference about money affairs was proverbial,—and many anecdotes were told about Boston and Washington, and washington, and washington, and washington, and the best of the intent prover the discount in secret section, was told to me by a little ancedote of the doings of the Scanta in secret section, was told to me by a little the same and of the intent prover the transport in the prover the allowing flaties was p

words history, we can fill an every fill. In our young native ere men are chivalrous and heipful, lee husks of old prejudice are drope by women can be what they will, so fall of nomination of her charms, again of some prophet of old." The ready at our hands, the work which ell done, is to prove that we are in the well aim to be. The work must be done first, and we calm in the few with an expansion of some prophet of old." The ready at our hands, the work which ell done, is to prove that we are in the well-aim to be. The work must be done first, and the call done, is to prove that we are in different of divine voices, calling, commanding to 60 "what she can."

The Coming Man.

The Coming Man.

Coming Man has came at last. He have been well-by pounds, height startless everybody, you see, pounds in proportion. Yes, we have for one at last. Mr. Is first the companies of the compani

of the y will start on their duties. The only draw seek we can see—and that in these days when every one lives near a railway will not be a much noticel—is that they will whistle an heart the bonne. Of course, too, there is a per fulfity of accidents if you work your househeld at high pressure. The nurse may how up and seald the twins; or some of the young folk may get run over by the butler, or oving to defective signals the housemaid with the coal-scuttle may come into collision with the coal-scuttle may come into collision with the footman hearing the luncheon tray.

"It move an arrive at it, As for my poor self, I shall henceforth make the processing the subject, but the transmission of the Minister to Russia, mow lying upon your table; and I deare to admit so it no mistake."

The Disconventer Crow and Hen Wissia, and in a larry set he dute upon the trousination of the Minister to Russia, mow lying upon your table; and I deare to admit so it no mistake."

The Disconventer Crow and Hen Wissia, and in sterry set he dute upon the trousination of the Minister to Russia, mow lying upon your table; and I deare to admit so it no mistake."

The Disconventer Crow and Hen Wissia, and in sterry set he dute upon the trousination of the Minister to Russia, mow lying upon your table; and I deare to admit so it no mistake."

The Disconventer Crow and Hen Wissia, and in sterry set he dute upon the trousination of the Minister to Russia, mow lying upon your table; and I deare to admit so it no mistake."

The Disconventer Crow and Hen Wissia, and in sterry set he dute upon the trousination of the Minister to Russia, mow lying upon your table; and I deare the admit so it no mistake."

The Disconventer Crow and Hen Wissia, and in the russia, mow lying upon your table; and to keep strictly within the number of order. I move to a meant of the Minister to Russia, mow lying upon your table; and to keep strictly within the number of order. I move to a meant of the Minister to Russia, mow lying upon your table; and to keep strictly

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

IMPEACHMENT, Messrs, Boutwell and Nelson have spoken, one for and the other against Impeachment. All of the counsel

gn speaking. In the 24th the President nominated Gen.

On the 24th the President nominated Gen. Schofield to be Secretary of War, in place of Mr. Stanton, withdrawing the nomination of Mr. Ewing.

MICHIGAN.—The majority against the Constitution is 38,000; the majority against the prohibitory liquor clause, 10,000; and the majority against holding biennial sessions of the Legislature, 75,000.

LOUISIANA.—The Republicans have carried the Constitution and elected their State ticket in Louisiana. New Orleans, however, has gone Democratic.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—The majority for the Constitution in South Carolina, so far as

Constitution in South Carolina, so far as heard, is 43,000

GEORGIA.—The election in Georgia is very close, the State being claimed by both VIRGINIA - General Schofield has issued

order stating that no election will take ace in Virginia on June 2nd, as Congress as made no appropriation for the expenses CHARLES DICKENS, -Mr. Charles Dickens

CHARLES DICKENS.
has ended his sojourn in America. His
newspaper friends gave him a farewell banquet in New York on Saturday evening, and on Wednesday he bade good-bye to this country, probably never to see it again. Abthony Trollope arrived here the same day

GREAT BRITAIN. - The trial of the Clerk enwell prisoners is proceeding in London. An immense anti-Tory meeting was held at Mr. Spurgeon's church in London; John Bright presided. Resolutions favoring the disen-dowment of all religious seets in Ireland

presided. Resolutions favoring the disended were adopted amid great enthusiasm. Sir Morton Peto and Oliphant have resigned their seats in the House of Commons.

PRINCE ALFRED SHOT.—Startling intelligence has been received from Australia. Prince Alfred, who is visiting Sydney, was shot and dangerously wounded by an unknown nerson. The would-be assassin, who was said to be a Fenian, was promptly arrested. The Prince, according to last advices, was slowly recovering.

CANADA.—There was a severe snow storm in Canada on Thursday, the 23d, the drifts being in some places two feet deep.

FRANCE.—The Moniteur du Soir says that through the good sense of the people, the baseless apprehensions of approaching warhave subsided, and the public mind is tranquil. This result is in part due to the efforts of foreign powers to sustain the pacific policy of France.

PRUSSIA.—Bismarek has withdrawn from the North Gernan Parliament the Federal debt bill which was introduced by the Government. He takes this action in consequence of the amendments made by the Opposition.

ernment. He takes this action in con-

openice of the amendments made by the Opposition.

Anysetta.—General Napier was with the advance of his army on the 29th ult. at Redela. King Theodore was in front of the British with ten thousand men. General Napier has requested a heavy renditance of treasure for the expenses of the army, to be sent to them before the rainy season sets in, as he anticipates during that season that communication with the sea coast will be frequently, if not wholly, interrupted.

JAPAN.—Late advices from Japan and Shanghai state that the government of the Mikado promises to indemnify all foreigners for losses suffered at the bands of either party during the civil disturbances.

Mexico.—The latest Mexican advices say that General Jimenez has submitted to the Government. The rebellion in Similon, however, is gaining ground, and insurrectionary movements have occurred elsewhere, it is officially stated that the expenses of the Republic are \$20,000,000 annually.

IMMORATION FROM EUROPE.—Correspondents in Iroland and Germany continue to state that the immigration ruth from those constricts to the United States is very great. During the week ending April 4, eight thousand Germane membarked from various German ports for this country. On April 8 and 9, eighteen hundred Irish emigrants sailed from Queenstown, and the railway leading to that port from Cork found its

April 8 and 9, eighteen hundred Irish emigrants sailed from Queenstown, and the railway leading to that port from Cork found its carrying capacity exceeded by the numbers of Iriah who were anxious to get on the steamers leaving on those days.

The Pacific—Of the colony of young indies who sailed from New York some two years age for Washington Territory, all got comfortable homes within two weeks after their arrival out, and all but three have since married.

SENSIBLE WORKMEN—It is reported from England that a number of masons, in Cornwall, finding trade dull, have proposed that suppose a day be taken off their wages.

IN TO UGLY WOMEN, - A young man To UGLY WOMEN.—A young man who has ron through all his property, but now sees the error of his ways, said is a reformed character, wishes to marry and settle. He would wish to settle any fortune that his wife might bring with her no herself, with remaineer in the hands of trustees to the survivor for his. Any hely of strictly noval and religious principles and as after tionate temperament, where melimition for hely matrimony has not witheranding peen the strictly matrimony has not witheranding peen.

tionate temperarient, where inclination for holy matrimony has not withefanding peen they affiliated by dischardings of personal appearance, may secure a food husband, who is compared by dischardings of personal appearance, may secure a food husband, who is compared indifferent to externals, regards only those qualities in a married partner that are truly valuable.

1. B. A Box at the Grand Operator of the London Buily Telegraph says: "Do you know what a box at the opera. I mean a box at the Grand Operator of the season? No. A good box costs for the season? No. A good box costs five hundred pounds a year; but do not think they are easy to be had at that price. I know of five hundred pounds now waiting at the basker's to be transferred to billets delopera, and the exchange is against the bayer."

1. S. An invitation to (him schools between the partners) and the partners of the partn

the layer.

2 M An invitation to join a class to learn.

"The German" (the popular dance) having been layed, by mistake, to Mr. Stanberry, instead of his son, that eminent counsel sent. been larided, by mistake, to Mr. Stanberry, instead of his son, that eminent counsel sent a polite note in reply, regretting that his professional engagements would prevent his attempting the acquirement of a "new landard of the Professional engagements would prevent his attempting the acquirement of a "new landard of the Professional engagements" of a "new landard of the Professional engagements would prevent his attempting the acquirement of a "new landard of the Professional Engagements" of the Professional Engagement of the Professional Engagement

Time Bocs It.

Time has a wonderful power in taking the conceit out of persons. When a young man first emerges from the schools and enters apon the career of life, it is painfully amus-ing to witness his self-sufficiency—he would have all the world to understand that he has have all the world to understand that he has "learned out"—that he is master of all knowledge, and can unravel all mysteries. But as he grows older, he grows wiser; he learns that he knows a great deal less than he supposed he did, and by the time he reaches to three-score years, he is prepared to adopt as his own the sentiment of John Wesley; "When I was young I was sure of everything; in a few years, having been mistaken a thousand times, I was not half as sure of most things as I was before. At present I am hardly sure of anything but what God has revealed to man."

CITRATE OF MAGNESIA .- The attention of the medical and elerical professions and the public is called to the Effervescing Ci-trate of Magnesia in Powder, prepared by Arthur Rogers, New York. See advertise-

A CADEMY OF MUSIC.

ROLINE RICHINGS,

CAROLINE RICHINGS.

B. BEHILEEN.

A. S. PENNOVER.

ENGLISH OPERA SEANON.

EEPERTORIE FOR THE SECOND WEEK.

MONDAY, APRI 27.

THESDAY, BENEFIT OF J. F. ZIMMERMAN,

TRESDAY, BENEFIT OF J. F. ZIMMERMAN,

THERBAY, ROSE OF CASTILE,

FILIDAY, BURNETT OF S. C. CAMPHELL,

CROWN DIAMONDS.

SATURDAY, MATINEE, CINDERELLA.

Box shoct now open at Trumpler's and the Academy.

H. H. M. RADWAY'S READY HELLEY -To be used on all occasions of pala or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the allments and diseases prescribed, is what the HELLEF guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: It will surely cure! There is no other remedy, no other LINERST, no kind of PARS-KIL-LEE, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactorily as Hadway's READY RELEET. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and is the field, is the counting-room and at the force, among civi-lans and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general resided has come home: "The moment Radiacity's Residy Relief is applied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions, rais, from whatere cause, cease to exist." Use no other kind for Sphains, or Bunks, or Scalds, or Curs, Champs, Bureses, or Sthains. It is excellent for CHILBLAINS, Mosquito Bites, also Stinus or Pos-somers Insects. It is unparalleled for Sun Strokes, APOPLESY, RECEIVATION, TOOTHACHE, THE DOLOT-REUX, INTLANMATION OF THE STONACH, BOWRLS, KINNEYS, &c. Good for dunast everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a specify cure will be effected. Sold by Draggists.

One Owner or Gold will be given for every ounce of adulteration found in "B. T. Babbitt's Lion Cof-ice." This Coffin is reasted, ground and scaled 'thermeticality," under letters patent from the Uni-ted States Covernment. All the "Aroms" is caved, and the Coffee presents a rich, glossy appearance. Every family should use it, as it is fifteen to twenty per cent. stronger than other pure "Coffee." One can in every twenty contains a One Dollar Greenback. For sale everywhere. Henry C. Kellogg, Agent at Philadelphia.

Noth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

The only ELLIABLE REMEDY for those PROWN Discontinuous on the face is "Perry's Moth and Freekle Lation," Prepared only by Dn. B. C. Penny, Dermatolo, i.t. 49 Bond street, New York. to field everywhere,

Rottoway's Pitts, When the westy sefferer toses upon his fivered pillow, let him use these pills, which, by expelling the causes which obstruct his rest, will make him enjoy refreshing sleep.

Ir you would return to sound bealth to old must be found to could be all your nerves and must be live or attended and your nervests system all braced up. Partake of Dn. Trussen's Tre Bordungers or Using mest be related by the defause beautiful for Nerve subs and all revous complaints. This medicine acts immedially upon the nerve fuel. Apothecaries have it, the part Depot 100 Tremont at., Ruston, Mass, lice \$1 per passage, by neath two postage stamps for. Johnston, Hollowey & Comb a, Agents, Philodel-hia, Pa.

These who suffer from persons britarions, itshing unsafers, and the disconfort that follows from an infected and disconfort size of the evident, cloud take AVI.128 SARSAPARILLA, and demo-tes bland. Purpo out the bridge fortunger that andersomes the health, and the constitutional vices

MIARRIAGES.

to 1011 of April, to the live June Througeon, and the second of France to Miss Backs Love-back of Germandown Fa.

In the of April, by the Rey Wm. O. Johnstone, and the second of Miss Jonephines in Astron.

In the of April, by the Rey M. D. Karle, Mr. C. Stream, of Live have M. D. Karle, Mr. H. Stream, of Cherniton, E. to Mrs. Histories of Che city,

In this of April, by the Rey Wm. Cathorit,

the transfer of April, by the Rey Wm. Cathorit,

the transfer of April, by the Rey Wm. Cathorit,

the transfer of April, by the Company of the Second Mrs.

E. R. Henry, of April, by the Company of Mass.

DEATHS.

♦ W. Notices of Deaths must always be accompa-ated by a responsible name.

To some On the with of April, Many R., effect Polit Ten-pet in her 17th year. On the with of April, James Mayressanan, in his Tak year. On the Pak of April, Restaure J. Harrey, by A Gu the 19th of April, Many A., wire of Julia J. Inneurs, in her 11st year. On the 19th of April, Mrs. Ash Warnesson, in her





MY PHOTOGRAPH BOOK INTHIRTY | AUNT PHEBE'S STORY.

My book is out of date now: You'll find it very slow; For the people in it lived, sir. Thirty years ago

Thirty long long years, and now Their faces all are strange; For faces change like hearts, you know, And time works many a change.

That one? Well that's myself-yes; You'd never think it, now; But then, you know, 'twas taken, sir, Thirty years ago

I hadn't any wrinkles then,
My hair was brown, net gray.
My cheeks were soft, they're parchment now,
And I'm growing hald they say.

And this? Ah dear, how pretty, too. That little tinted face!
It's faded like the rest, though,
And sadly out of place.

Dear! what a girl that was, sir! Such eyes and such a nose; Married, and went to India them, She's dead now, I suppose

This fellow, such a noodle too-A hopeless kind of spooney He emigrated on a chance, And made a mint of money !

And this one, on the other page. Oh such a handsome fellow le took a fever at the Cape, And died, they say, quite yellow My! what a handsome man he was!

Such eyes, with such long lashes, Such glorious, glossy whiskers, too Such hair, and such moustaches The woman in the velvet gown-

An authoress, you know; She wrote "The Bloody Secret!" and "The Murderer's last Blow

Striking! Do you think so! I never cared about her; I met her but the other day, Grown gray, and so much stouter

These two, a happy couple then A bridegroom and a bride. It was the fashion then, you see, To be taken side by side.

They had a little quarrel, sir,

Thirty years ago; he was a little fast, they say, And he a little slow. e say he was the cause of it

That fellow all in gray; never was cleared up, you know, But I heard she ran away. And this, sir, is my beauty page:
There are a set of graces:

Such beautiful young faces That one, sir, with the curly hair, She was a charming creature; Such splendid eyes you never saw. No fault in any feature.

I never see such women now

And this one, on the other side Dear! how the colors fade! She, too, was then a beauty, sir.

And that one with the laughing eyes.

And tresses black as jet.

How well I can remember her.

She was a sad coquette How has the cold world dealt with her, Where has her life been set

nd have those laughing eyes of hers. With many tears been wet? Who knows? I never saw her since.
And life is always so;

But the photograph was like her then, Thirty years ago! And this one, with the sunny hair,

And eyes divinely blue; It is the dearest in the book, The sweetest, and most true It isn't a face to draw, you see,

Or to carve in marble cold; But a living face to blush beneath A halo of warm gold.

It isn't a face to rave about, Or cut one's throat, and yet It's the kind of face that having seen It's hard, sir, to forget.

She's vanished, like the others, now The way that all things go; But I would have given my life for her Thirty years ago!

It's only a shadowed picture, too Of an innocent young face, With nothing to commend it But its gentle girlish grace

But oh! the passionate longing Thirty years ago

My book is out of date now You'll find it dull and strange For fashions fade like faces, sir, And time works many a change !

A suir was sailing in the southern waters of the Atlantic, when her crew saw another vessel making signals of distress. They here down toward the distressed ship and know quite well what I hailed them.

What is the malter "We are dying for water," was the re-

sponse.
"Dip it up then," was answered. "You are in the mouth of the Amazon river."

There those sailors were, thirsting, and suffering, and fearing, and longing for water, and supposing that there was nothing but the occan's brine around them, when, in fact, they had sailed unconsciously into the broad month of the mightlest river on the globe, and did not know it. And though to them it seemed that they must perish with thirst, yet there was a hundred indes of fresh water all around them, and they had nothing to do but to "dip it up.

BY K. S. MACQUOID.

Jessie Beever stood leaning against the dresser in her aunt's cottage, with a very decided frown on her fair, pretty face, a face that seemed as if a smile would fit it better; a cheerful, happy countenance, with sunny hair, a broad, low forchead, and sweet brown cycs. There was a singular likeness between the petulant girl of eighteen, and the deli-cate woman of forty, who while she went cate woman of forty, who while an went on washing up her teacups, stole a look every now and then at Jessie, only it seemed that Phoele Hawtrey's beauty must have always had more of refinement in it. Stran-gers who caught a gimpse of the remark-able face, bending ever her flowers at the window, asked who lived in the little corner cottons in West Acre. Lane, and looked aurcottage in West Acre Lane, and looked surcottage in West Acre Lane, and looked sur-prised to hear it was only Phobe, the car-penter's daughter. The carpenter was dead, and his wife too. His eldest daughter had married Ned Beever, the blacksmith of Shireburn, and Phobe, the youngest, had just enough to live on by herself in the cor-ner cottage with the honeysuckle over the porch. She did clear-starching for those of porch. She did clear-starching for those of the neighboring gentry not rich enough to keep a laundry, to gain a little surplus to help her poorer neighbors with, rather than "What ails ye, child?" she said, when the

silence had lasted a little longer.
"You know"—the rosy cheeks flushed scarlet, and the bright eyes filled full of hot scarriet, and the bright eyes mise that of many tears—"Aunt Phoebe, I thought I'd get comfort from you; I saw mother telling you all about it last night; it's shameful! she says Paul has six strings to his bow!" She burst out crying.
"Jesaic"—the girl looked up and wiped her eyes—"it's because ye want to go to Autter Existent Paul Lewin ins'; it's

her eyes..."it's because ye want to go to Anster Fair with Paul Lewin, isn't it?"

Jessie nodded—she was still sobbing.

"Do you want to go to the fair with Paul, lass, because ye love him, or that ye're proud of being seen with such a tall, fine young fellow?"

"I don't know," said Jessie.
"Would ye be content to bide at home if

Would ye be content to bide at home if Paul might stay along with ye?"
"I should think not, indeed!" with a toss

Phobe sighed.
"Don't!" said Jessie, petulantly. "Aunt, I'd never have come down if I'd not thought you'd have taken my part. I don't care much for Paul. Oh, aunt, I've heard you were always to be seen everywhere, why should I be buried out of sight? Mother says she wants me to get married; I shan't find a husband in the forge, and I don't want to be an old maid and then conwant to be an old main; and then con-science stricken Jessie looked at the sweet patient face, and the frown left her own. "I beg your pardon, aunt dear;" and she

held up her mouth to be kissed. "Jessie, I've a mind to tell ye a story," said Phode, smiling, "would ye care to hear how it came about that I never mar-

Mother save no one was good enough for , because you were so pretty." It wasn't that, though I was vain enough.

"It wasn't hat, though I was vain chough, lass, at one time. Sit ye down, child, the story won't be over just in a minute." She drew her hand slowly over her face, and rested her chin hi its palm.

"I was about your age, Jessie. I might have had the love of a good man. Fil cell him Thomas, he's left the village, but I've no right to make the sorrow I gave him public. He hado't spoken to me, but I knew.

he. He hadn't spoken to me, but I knew what he meant. I thought myself far too good fer him, but I liked to be joked about him. You know where grandfather used to live?"

"Well, I was standing at the top of that broken flight of steps that leads into the lane under the big yew-trees: it was grand-father that shaped the trees round like an arch, they used to go straight across from side to side. Well, as I stood billing my time

yard. At the corner where the lane turns from the road, I found Thomas waiting. I tried to pass; but he stopped me.

" Phabe, you must let me walk home

"It was still broad daylight, and he could

"Presently he began again. 'Phobe, you know quite well what I have to say; you have known it a long time. Maybe I ought

and he found him a lodging at Fraces charactering.

"By the time I'd been an hour with Charles Stacey, I knew I liked Thomas best, and yet I fought against the feeling, it pleased my vanity more to be with one than with the other. Thomas never offered to take me anywhere, but Mr. Stacyy was always finding out some amusement for me. Mother interfered as much as she could, but I would not listen. At last some of the gos-

Mother interfered as much as she could, but I would not listen. At last some of the gossips spoke to father. He came into the garden one day quite angered.

"Phobe,' he said, 'go indoors; I've a word to say to Mr. Stacey."

"I loved Stacey now, Jessie, with all the heart I had to love any one, and he was always talking about his love for me; but he had not asked me to marry him, and I sat in the kitchen trembling, for I thought father was going to be rude, and that perhaps I should never see Stacey again.

should never see Stacey again.
"To my surprise they both came in smiling.
"Father took hold of my hand. 'There she is, my lad,' he said, 'and when you come home from next voyage, she shall be yours altogether, if she likes.'

Stacey kissed me, and so did father, and then I ran away to my room and cried. I was happy, but it seemed to me that my consent was taken too much for granted.

"At supper I said this to father. Stacey

"At supper I said this to father. Stacey had gone away early.
"Father pushed up his glasses, and looked first at me, then at mother.
"'From what I hear,' he said, 'you've been wrong-headed and wilful, Phœbe., Your name has got coupled with Stacey's. You know best whether you wish to marry him; but he shall marry you, or I'll know the research."

the reason why."
"I thought father unkind; but I wanted to be Charles's wife, so I did not take this scolding to heart. When I met Stacey the next afternoon, I thought him grave and

So you could not trust me,' he said; my love would be just as true, Phorbe ithout a promise.'
" 'I said nothing to father, Charles, and

you've made me no promise.'
"That's true,' he said; and then we walked on. But that was a very silent walk, Jessie—it was up Oak Lane, where the road has been hollowed out, and the great treeroots hang in all manner of twisted shapes on each side. I remember the rabbits came out of their holes, and scrambled across the

path in front of us "I came home less happy than usual. However, the next few days were as bright as ever; Charles had to join his ship at the week's end, and so we made the most of them. Mother seemed to have grown fond

while. I suppose I tell things as they seemed to me at the time, and Thomas kept out of sight, so I never thought about him. Mother pitied me, but after a bit she got tired of my idle ways. I'd step up late looking at the moon, and fancying I saw all manner of thought she'd never raise it from her tea-

"My heart on a sudden fell like lead, swam round and round. Jessie, from the joy which had lifted it up. Stacey must have been home a good week, and he had neither come to Shireburn nor

see how unwilling I looked. He walked beside me, without speaking. His voice had sounded so firm and determined, that I had ding; and then he took up the paper and was going back to the 'Fox' with it. "Just let me look once more, I said. "Father stroked my hair as I stooped

have known if a long time. Maybe I ought to have spoken scener; but I felt uncertain, I feel so still. Will you be my wife?"

"For an instant I felt a soft pity for Thomas; he saw this, no doubt, in my face. We were in the lame quite alone, and he took my hand and drew it under his arm.

"This brought my pride back; I pulled my hand away.

"I suppose I looked strange standing so still there—under the yew-trees—just where

"There was such a sad carnestness in his voice; but before I could answer, I heard speaking close by. I looked up. Looking over the hedge I saw my father and the stranger who had asked the way to Bramley.

"I seemed to grow mad with impatience.

"You have had your answer, I said; 'I never say no when I mean yes.'

"I did not look at him; I was at the foot of the steps, full of aby, fluttering vanity.

"Mr. Stacey never said a word about having seen me before; he'd come from London to look for country lodgings. Mother said there were none to be had in Shireburn; however, he'd got the soft side of father, and he found him a lodging at Pratt's that same evening.

Stacey. And what made his silence harder to bear was the village talk, Jessie. Father to bear was the village talk alk, Jessie. Father to bear was the village talk alk, Jessie. Father to bear was the village talk alk, Jessie. Father to bear was the village talk alk, Jessie. Father to bear was the village talk alk, Jessie. Father to bear was the village talk alk, Jessie. Father to bear was the village talk alk, Jessie. Father to bear was the village talk alk, Jessie. Father to bear was the village talk alk, Jessie. Father to bear was the village talk alk algone to the village that day full of his bear was the village that day full of his loved.

"Something in the quiet, pitiful way he told it stamped it into my heart for truth, but I strangel et still.

"This is my daughter Phoebe, Mr. Mother got anxious too; I knew it by the tender, pitiful way she spoke; but she was timid, was mother, and she shrank from open speaking.

"When the week's end came, I had got desperate. Mother and I were in the kitchen; I was doing up one of her caps; the lace stuck to my fingers, and I couldn't alk the lace stuck to my fingers, and I couldn't did not love you; now I know you for the claimed him—girls he'd made believe he loved had in shired make two fluthed have look of the told it stamped it into my heart for truth, but I stamped it into my heart for truth, but I stamped

open speaking.

"When the week's end came, I had got desperate. Mother and I were in the kitchen; I was doing up one of her caps; the lace stuck to my fingers, and I couldn't make two flutings alike. I scorched it hadly at last, and I set down the gauffering-iron, and hard out entire. and burst out crying. Then mother spoke in a sudden, new way to me, a way which took me back, lass, to times when I used to bring her home cowslip posies from the meadows.

" Leave work, Jessie darling; come and sit ye down by mother, and tells what ails ye.' And there I was sitting on my little stool at her knee hiding my face in her lap. She let me sob on, and then she whispered.— "Ye want to know the rights o' this, lass, and so do I; I'm thinking of going to

"I left off sobbing in wonder. Mother who had never been farther than Guildford in her life!-mother, who rarely ventured to set up an opinion of her own against

ather or me.

"Yes, dear; one is going up to-morrow
as 'ull take charge o' yer mother, Phoebe,
and bring her back safe; one who's always
been true to me and mine, lass.'

"I did not care to guess: I was too much

interested.

interested.

"'I'll make all right with father,' she whispered. It seemed to me she kissed the words into my check. 'I know where to go. 'I'll not come home, lass, without news.' I put my arms close around her; I seemed to have twice the mother I had had before

before.

"She was off before six next morning. She wouldn't let me go even to the turn of the lane with her.

"The two days that came after were so long, Jessie; I worked harder than I'd done in life before, so as to make them go—but they wouldn't—till I was so weary I was fain to sit down on the top of the steps, and watch the gold light change into crimson, while the sun set behind the oak-trees up yonder. On a sudden they seemed on fire, yonder. On a sudden they seemed on fire, as if the sun himself was shining blood-red through their leaves, and then the crimson grew duller and duller. It had changed to gray when I saw mother coming up the lane. was out of breath with walking, and I ldn't get a word out. I took her bundle outlin't get a word out. I took her bundle nd followed her up the steps. "Father was in the village, and I sat

mother in his chair, and pulled off her bon-net and shawl, and fetched her cap and apron, and got her a cup of tea.
"Her face spoke she had no good news, and I daredn't ask.

"'Phœbe, I've nought to tell ye;' she was half-crying with vexation. 'I've broke my word to ye, darling, but it warn't fault of

"And then I heard how she'd seen Stacey's usin, Mrs. Green, a well-to-do person she them. Mother seemed to have grown fond of him now, and she never tried to keep me at home.

"He went, and I fretted till I grew ill—iil and thin and weak. You've been woudering what had become of Themas all this while. I suppose I tell things as they seemed to ge at the time and Thomas kent out.

"Did you hear how he looked, mother evit to me at the time and Thomas kent out."

"Did you hear how he looked, mother evit to me at the time and Thomas kent out.

'I'd poured out a cup of tea for her; in-

the moon, and fancying I saw all manner of things in her; and then lie a-bed o' mornings till my head ached.

"' 'Phebe,' she said one day, 'when you were born, I thought you'd be a blessing to me; but I've lived to doubt that.'

"Her voice had a sad touch in it that set my heart quivering; I put my arms round her. 'I'll do better,' I said, 'you'il see I will mother.'

"A sudden new light came to me.

"' Mother, if you've sent Thomas to spy will mother.'

"Thomas and I looked at each other, but

in me, I flam struck Thomas,

"'You mean fellow? I said, 'to bring a child false tale here of an honester man than yourself, and then not to have courage to you, tand left it?" stand by it.

"Themas looked at me, deep down into my eyes, till I could not bear the firm, strong gaze of him. I'd often thought him manful and sturdy, but I'd never feared him as his look made me fear him now, and yet he spoke tenderer than mother even. "My poor girl, I'll tell you the tale if

"Don't think it," I said, in my passion.
Once I thought you a good man, though I did not love you; now I know you for the coward you are, and I despise you."
"He went away. When I went back in the kitchen, I saw mother held a letter in

"" Take it to yourself, my poor lamb, and read it." And then it seemed as if the kitchen went round with me, as I stood in it alone with Stacey's letter."

Phoebe paused and pulled an old letter out

of her pocket.

"Last night, Jessie, your mother told me about you and Paul, and I promised her that if it was only for vanity and not for love you were so set on being with him, I'd tell you my sorrow from beginning to end. I keep this letter to correct myself with, lass. By God's blessing, it may serve your turn too." She put it into the girl's hands, and Jessie read:—

DEAR PHEBE,-The bearer of this says DEAR PHERE.—The bearer of this says you won't believe I'm married unless I send you word myself. I follow his wishes in writing this, though I believe you are far too sensible to care. As you yourself said, there never was a promise betwixt us, and I knew you feit that our little flirtation was only meant to last for our mutual amusement. But I hope you will consider me, and allow me to sign myself, your sincere friend,

CHARLES STACEY.

Jessie's tears dropped fast as she gave her aunt the letter.

"Didn't Thomas come back?" she said, resently.

Phæbe shook her head; there was a half-

"Never again, child. He went next day from Shireburn. I've heard he's been over twice, but each time I've been away. I'd like to ask his pardon, Jessie, but it may be we two shall never meet again."

She spoke soleranly, and the girl felt abached.

abashed. She went up to her aunt and kissed her. "I'll do better," she whispered. "Mo-ther had warned me about Paul, and still I

Giving Away the Baby.

didn't mind; but I will mind her now, Aunt

A MOTHER'S STORY. It was the third day after my husband's funeral (said the widow,) and I was so much stunned by his sudden death that I could do nothing but sit and think over it, and try to realize how it could be so. Only the Sunday before he had been sitting with me, watching the baby as it sat in the sunshine, laughing and clapping its little hands as the shadows of the trees were flung across the bare floor and moved by the passing breeze. Now the child was sitting in the same place, the warm October sun streaming in on his bright curls and making him look so pretty so like a picture; but his father had gone

from us forever.
It seemed to me I must see his dear face once more; that he would surely lift the latch and come in, and take our child up, and say, as he often did: "Mother, what would you take for this little brother?"

Even the baby missed him, and would come and stand at my knee, calling, "Papa! papa!" until I thought my heart would break. The two oldest children were at

were born, I thought you'd be a blessing to ride to side. Well, as I stood follow in the country face, there was a some one counting up the lane, a tall, handsome young follow with a beight sum born face, there was a something in his body that make up a sure he was a safer. He to do had a test of this in the way to firsunity.

"I do never seen any one counting up the lane, a tall, handsome young follow with a beight sum born face, there was a something in his body that a test of this in the way to firsunity.

"I do never seen any one was bandsome, and he were first to the so kind as to tell this the way to firsunity.

"I do never seen any one was bandsome, and then still I read it to see the with a weight at I do not long a way before. It seemed just like one of the soiries I'd read, against mother's will, an a penny hewysper that I'd to were the soiries I'd read, against mother's will, in a penny hewysper that I'd to were the soiries I'd read, against mother's will a proper way to before. It seemed has a succeed only for what put me in wind of stacey. I'd got one letter from ham, and I used to read that over till I I read it to see the wind mother's great kindness. Ali, my lass, if you could know how every sharp word you've given your mother 'us lists when had grow to be after this, dessie, I should not tily unit I could. As it is, I'm talking of mast like you'd to easily a sheet was a stall of the handsome safe and I had brought or useful more than is good for me."

"The year passed over the sheet was were all in their begins a mewspaper he'd got from how how the white roses were all in their country in the safe and I had brought or useful had been. Thomas to first the well of the sheet had been. I had only large the bady was a stall of the had been was a stall that I'd was to the grade been. The was all the seen and the proper had been with a state of his play and easily to the angery, but I'm doubting if Stacey all we who'll bring une who'll be a blessing to will with me, lass, who'll bring une would be men

knew my checks were white, and my head swam round and round.

"Any dear woman, began all. Deltalogy, but I have you thought seriously of the impossibility of your getting along with five children." dren under twelve years of age? It has required all your husband's efforts to make a he only spoke to mother.

"'I'll go, Mrs. Hawtrey. You'll tell her best alone.'

"This and I looked at each other, out dren under twelve years of age? It has required all your husband's efforts to make a living for you—now can you hope to do without him?"

est alone.'

"Jessie, it was as if the evil one got loose in me. I thanked up searlet. I could have truck Thomas.

"You mean fellow?" I said, 'to bring a lase tale here of an honester man than alse tale here of an

I need not tell you how long I withstood their arguments, but at last overcome by their entreaties, I consented to consider the matter. I never mentioned their visit to any of the children, and I had changed my mind almost every hour since I had seen them. At last, convinced that it was for the child's good, I consented to give him up. When I went to dress him to go, my resolu-tion almost failed me. Hingered over every article I put on him, and made every dear "I suppose I looked strange standing so still there—under the yew-trees—just where a scoraful tone; 'I must love the person I marry, and I never could love you.'
"I walked up the lane fast, but he overtook me.
"I was blundering,' he said, humbly; 'I could it now. Phabe.'
"I was constituted by the lane fast, but he overtook me.
"I was blundering,' he said, humbly; 'I could it now. Phabe.'
"I made an excuse to go indoors.
"A week passed on, and no word from self to before he ever saw me; and worse old enough to know what it meant to go a could not sumshing morning a year ago.
"Tell away,' I said, as hard as a stone.
"Did he think I would show my sorrow took my sorrow, Phabe.'
"Tell away,' I said, as hard as a stone.
"Did he think I would show my sorrow face.'
"I grew cold while I listened. My lover my Charles, as I called him—was married a fortnight past to a girl he'd promised him—ready, and I thought he never looked so pretty. He was full of animation, for he was self to before he ever saw me; and worse old enough to know what it meant to go a

May 2, 1868. riding, and he clapped his hands and laughed at the horses as they were driven up. I handed him to his new mother (the children supposed he was to come back soon.) and he never even looked at me. Oh! how jealous my admiss heart even

never even looked at me. Oh! how jealous my aching heart grew.

When I came back into the house, the first thing my eyes fell upon was his cradle. I could only throw myself on it and sob aloud. Then came the trial of telling the truth to the children. None of them seemed reconciled, and I felt that the worst was to come when the two oldest returned from school. I almost dreaded to meet them, especially Willie, he was like his father, so school. I almost dreaded to meet them, especially Willie; he was like his father, so quiet and calm outwardly, but hiding beneath his apparent coldness the strongest, deepest feelings. But the others went to meet them as they came home, and I was pleasantly disappointed in the way the oldest one took it. He seemed to feel that I had done it for the best, and that he must hide

done it for the best, and that he must hide his sorrow for my sake. He was more thoughtful for my comfort, and gentler than ever, only very still and grave. The day ended, as the longest will, at last, and it came time to go to bed. I had taken Willie down-stairs to sleep near me since his father's death; the other children sleept just allows a Well when Leane to lie down above us. Well, when I came to lie down, there was the empty pillow! Baby had always laid his little rosy face as close to mine as he could get it, and slept with one little warm hand on my neck. All my grief broke out afresh when I thought of him, Willie raised up at last, and said, car-

"Mother, it's Charlie you are crying for, 'Yes," I answered, "I know it's for the

best; but it's so hard to give him up,"
"Mother," continued the child, "when
father died we knew it was for the best, befather died we knew it was for the best, be-cause God took him from us; but I've been thinking ever since we laid down how poor little Charlie must be crying for you, and how God gave him to us, to love and keep him, and now you have given him away. If He had meant him to be Mr. and Mrs. Lor-riner's baby, wouldn't He have given him to them at first?"

The child's words carried more weight with them than all the arguments of my rich neighbors. After considering a moment, I said, impulsively:

"Oh! if I only had him back, he should never go away again, no matter hew poor we might be."

might be."
The moon was shining so brightly that it was almost as light as day, and presently

Willie said:

"Mother, it's only half a mile across the fields, and they won't go to bed for a long time at Mr. Lorrimer's; let us go and get Charlie. Why, mother, I seem to hear him

Urged by the child's entreaties and the fond promptings of my own heart, I consented. I think I never walked half a mile so quickly in my life, and neither of us spoke until we reached the mansion. Then we stopped a moment for breath, and sure stopped a moment for breath, and sure enough we could hear baby screaming at the top of his voice. We went around to the sitting-room and knocked. They seemed half frightened when they saw who it was, but asked us in politely. A hired nurse was walking up and down the floor, trying to pacify it. Mrs. Lorrimer had wearied her-self on; and was lying on a lounge.

self out, and was lying on a lounge.
"Come to mother." Willie said, and he brought the little fellow to me at once.
How he clung to me, still sobbing, yet smiling all the while to find himself in my

"I cannot give him up,"I said at last when I could get my voice-clear; "you must let me take him home."

They evidently thought me one of the sil-They evidently thought me one of the siliest of women, but their cold words only made me the more determined, and we started back in less than half an hour after we came, I carrying the baby in my arms all the

When I had laid him down in bed, not fast asleep, but still sobbing, and he reaching out his little hands to feel if I was there, I said: "God helping me, come what will, I will never part with one of my living children again!" And I never did.

I have no need to tell how wild with joy the year of the children.

the rest of the children were when the found the baby in bed next morning; and from that day forth it was their greatest pleasure to amuse Charlie and have him

When the affair came to be, known, many blamed me, and many favors that my rich neighbors might have done me, they with-held, I think for my folly, as they called it. But a few poor women, like myself, who ed their own children, said not a crust of bread in the house; but our hardships only bound us the more closely

All my children proved comforts and blessings to me. God took care of one for me: but as Willie said, we knew that it was The rest married in the cour for the best. The rest married in the course of time and left me; but the prop of my old days, the one whose industry and management gave me this plentiful and comfortable home, has never left me since the day able home, has n I gave him away.

The misers of Paris are not all on the stage or in novels. One of them owns a house which he rents out piecemeal, fur-nished Lately, a literary man came to him for a

"What is your business?" inquired the

A literary man "Well, that sort of thing don't make much noise, or shake the foundations. And you are absent all day?"

"On the contrary, I never go out."
"Can't let you have the place then."

"And why not?"
"Because you follows who stay at home all day wear out the furniture."

Talleyrand, and in her story of "Delphine" was supposed to have painted herself in the person of her heroine, and Talleyrand in that of a garrulous old woman. On their first meeting, the wit pleasantly remarked, "They tell me that we are both of us in your novel, in the disguise of women."

SORA.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

The climbing vines twined up and hid the wall, Ran o'er and o'er the wall

Of that old rained hall.

Where Nora walked with me—
The winds made music through the beech tall,

Blowing up from the sca. The summer sunbeams fell upon her face,

As through that shady place She walked in quiet grace, And lifted her brown eyes Where, twining their green arms in close Yon oaks and maples rise.

And all the glory of those summer days

Swam o'er in golden haze,
And lighted up the ways
Where she beside me tred,
And the blue sky grew jubilant with praise
Bird-anthems sung to God.

Now on the wall grow ripe the purple grapes,

And clinging ivy drapes
With its fantastic shapes
The ruined hall of stone,
And one bright seraph looking downward

weeps That I must walk alone

The yellow bees go humming all the day, And through the meadows stray Young children at their play, Gath'ring their posy-bands, And crushing blossoms brighter than in May, Within their dimpled hands.

They wander gayly by the singing brook, And pause at each fair nook, To watch, with anxious look,

Some wild flower in the grass, some tiny bud, which other friends forso That brightens as they pass.

Time was, sweet souls, when I was glad a ye-When Nora walked with me,

And looking on the sea We bowed our heads at prayer, Blessing the very winds that swept the lea, And lifted up her hair. My heart grows weary as I watch your play

For ever, far away, I see the sunshine stray, Kissing a moss-grown stone, Above my Nora's brow, ah, well-a-day! And so my heart makes moan.

If I would pull the lush red strawberries, Or dimple with my knees

The flower-bespangled leas,
I miss her low-voiced calls,
And when I gather May-blooms for the bees
No shadow near me falls.

Play on, sweet souls, and I will make my

moan, In such low-whispered tone, That, walking all alone,
I shall not pain your ears,
And only flowers about this hall of stone

Will spring up from my tears.

My Late Senatorial Secretaryship.

BY MARK TWAIN

I am not a private secretary to a Senator any more, now. I held the berth two months in security and in great cheerfulness of spirit, but my bread began to return from over the waters, then—that is to say, my works came back and revealed themselves. I judged it best to resign. The way of it was this. My employer sent for me one morning tolerably early, and, as soon as I had finished inserting conundrums clandestinely into his las great speech upon finance, I entered the presence. There was something portentous in his appearance. His cravat was untied, his hair was in a state of disorder, and his countenance bore about it the signs of a suppressed storm. He held a package of letters in his tense grasp, and I knew that the dreaded Pacific mail was in. He said: "I thought you were worthy of confi-

I said: "Yes, sir." He said: "Yes, sir."
He said: "I gave you a letter from certain of my constituents in the state of Nevada, asking the establishment of n post office at Baldwin's Ranch, and told you to fice at Baldwin's Ranch, and told you to answer it, as ingeniously as you could, with arguments which should persuade them that there was no real necessity for an office at that place."

that place. "Oh, if that is all, sir, I die I felt easier.

do that."
"Yes, you did. I will read your answer,

for your own humiliation :

" WASHINGTON, Nov. 24, 1867. Mesars. Smith, Jones, and others.
"GENTLEMEN: What the mischief do you suppose you want with a post office at Baldwin's Ranch? It would not do you any good. If any letters came there, you couldn't read them, you know; and, besides, such letters as ought to pass through, with money in them, for other localities, would not be likely to get through, you must perceive at once; and that would make trouble for us No. don't bother about a post office in all. No, don't bother about a post once in your camp. I have your best interests at heart, and feel that it would only be an ornamental folly. What you want is a nice jail, you know—a nice, substantial jail and a free school. These will be a lasting benefit to you. These will make you really contented and happy. I will move in the mattented and happy. I will move in the mat ter at once. Very truly, etc., "MARK TWAIN,

" ' For James W. Nye, U. S. Senator.

That is the way you answered that let-ter. Those people say they will hang me, if I ever enter that district again; and I am perfectly satisfied they will, too.

"Well, sir, I did not know I was doing any harm. I only wanted to convince them."

Ah. Well, you did convince them, I make no manner of doubt. Now, here is another specimen. I gave you a petition from certain gentlemen of Nevada, praying that I would get a bill through Congress in-corporating the Methodist Episcopal Church of the State of Nevada. I told you to say, in reply, that the creation of such a law came more properly within the province of

the State Legislature about that little speculation of yours—Congress don't know anything about religion. But don't you hurry to go there, either; because this thing you propose to do out in that new country isn't expedient—in fact, it is simply ridiculous. Your religious people there are too feeble, in intellect, in morality, in piety—in everything, pretty much. You had better drop this—you can't make it work. You can't issue stock on an incorporation like that—or if you could, it would only keep you in trouble all the time. The other denominations would abuse it, and "bear" it, and "sell it short," and break it down. They would do with it just as they would with one of your silver mines out there—they would try to make all the world believe it was "wildeat." You ought not to do anything that is calculated to bring a sacred thing into disrepute. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves—that is what I thisk about it. You close your petition with the words: You close your petition with the words:
"And we will ever pray." I think you had better—you need to do it.
"' Very truly, etc.,
"' MARK TWAIN,

" For James W. Nye, U. S. Senator. "That luminous epistle finishes me with the religious element among my constitu-ents. But that my political murder might be made sure, some evil instinct prompted me to hand you this memorial from the grave company of elders composing the Board of Aldermen of the city of San Francisco, to Aldermen of the city of San Francisco, to try your hand upon—a memorial praying that the city's right to the water-lots upon the city front might be established by law of Congress. I told you this was a dangerous matter to move in. I told you to write a non-committal letter to the Aldermen—an ambiguous letter—a letter that should avoid, as far as possible, all real consideration and discussion of the water-lot question. If there is any feeling left in you—any shame—aurely this letter you wrote, in obedience -surely this letter you wrote, in obedience to that order, ought to evoke it, when its words fall upon your ears:

" ' WASHINGTON, Nov. 27, 1867. "WASHINGTON, Nov. 27, 1867.
"To the Hon. Board of Aldermen, etc.
"GENTLEMEN: George Washington, the revered Father of his Country, is dead. His long and brilliant career is closed, alast forever. He was greatly respected in this section of the country, and his untimely decease cast a gloom over the whole community. He died on the 14th day of December, 1799. He passed page of this page from the 1799. He passed peacefully away from the scene of his honors and his great achieve-ments, the most lamented hero and the best beloved that ever earth hath yielded unto

beloved that ever earth hath yielded unto Death. At such a time as this, you speak of water-lots!—what a lot was his!

""What is fame? Fame is an accident. Sir Isaac Newton discovered an apple falling to the ground—a trivial discovery, truly, and one which a million men had made before him—but his parents were influential, and so they tortured that little circumstance into something wonderful, and, lo! the simple world took up the shout, and, in almost the twinkling of an eve, that man was most the twinkling of an eye, that man was famous. Treasure these thoughts. "'Poesy, sweet poesy, who shall estimate what the world owes to thee!

'Mary had a little lamb, its fleece was white

And everywhere that Mary went, the lamb

was sure to go. "Jack and Gill went up the hill

To draw a pail of water; Jack fell down and broke his crown, And Gill came tumbling after. For simplicity, elegance of diction, and free-dom from immoral tendencies, I regard those two poems in the light of gems. They

those two poems in the light of gems. They are suited to all grades of intelligence, to every sphere of life—to the field, to the nursery, to the guild. Especially should no Board of Aldermen be without them.

"'Venerable fossils! write again. Nothing improves one so much as friendly correspondence. Write again—and if there is anything in this memorial of yours that refers to anything in particular, do not be backward about explaining it. We shall always be happy to hear you chirp.

"'Very truly, etc.,
"'Alak Twain,
"'For James W. Nye, U. S. Senator,

" For James W. Nye, U. S. Senator.

That is an atrocious, a ruinous epistle Distraction!

"Well, sir, I am really sorry if there is anything wrong about it—but—but—it ap-pears to me to dodge the water-lot ques-

'Dodge the mischief! Oh !-but never mind. As long as destruction must come now, let it be complete. Let it be complete now, let it be complete. Let it be complete—let this last of your performances, which I am about to read, make a finality of it. I am a ruined man. I had my misgivings when I gave you the letter from Humboldt, asking that the post route from Indian Gulch to Shakspeare Gap and intermediate points, be changed partly to the old Mormon trail. But I told you it was a delicate question, and warned you to deal with it deftly—to answer it dubicusly, and leave them a little in the dark. And your fatal imbecility impelled you to make this disastrous reply. I should think you would stop your ears, if you are not dead to all shame:

"" WASHINGTON, Nov. 30, 1867.

"MASHINGTON, NOV. 30, 1967.
"Messrs. Perkins, Wagner, et al.
"GENTLEMEN: It is a delicate question about this Indian trail, but, handled with proper definess and dubiousness, I doubt not we shall succeed in some measure or otherwise, because the place where the route leaves the Lasseu Meadows, over beyond where those two Shawnes chiefs. yond where those two Shawnee chiefs, Dilapidated-Vengeance and Biter-of the Clouds, were scalped last winter, this being the favorite direction to some, but others preferring something else in consequence of things, the Mormon trail leaving Mosby's at three in the morning and passing through Jawbone Flat to Blucher, and then down by Jug riandle, the road passing to the right of it, and naturally leaving it on the right, too, and Dawson's on the left of the trail

the State Legislature; and to endeavor to show them that, in the present feebleness of the religious element in that new commonwealth, the expediency of incorporating the church was questionable. What did you write?

""" Rec. John Halifar and others.

""" Rec. John Halifar and others.

""" GENTLEMEN: You will have to go to the State Legislature about that little speculation of yours—Congress don't know anything about religion. But don't you hurry thing about religion. But don't you hurry the proposition of yours—Congress don't know any-thing about religion. But don't you hurry the proposition of yours—Congress don't know any-thing about religion. But don't you hurry the young the proposition of yours—Congress don't know any-thing about religion. But don't you hurry to him writing the desirable objects ac considered by others, and, consecting the who they don't all the week and therefore, conferring the most good deadly air into a lite of happiness and peace.

He begged her in conclusion, to say to him in writing, if he should speak with her most good deadly air into a lite of happiness and peace.

He begged her in conclusion, to say to him in writing, if he should peak with him to alite enabled to furnish it to me,

"'For James W. Nye, U. S. Senator

"There-now, what do you think of

Well, I don't know, sir. It-well, it appears to me—to be dubious enough."
"Du—leave the house! I am a ruined man. Those Humboldt savages never will forgive me for tangling their brains up with that inhuman letter. I have lost the respect of the Methodist Church, the Board of Aldermen."

rmen..."
"Well, I haven't anything to say about "Well, I haven't anything to say about that, because I may have missed it a little in their cases, but I was too many for the Bald-win's Ranch people, General!"

"Leave the house! Leave it forever and

forever, too! I regarded that as a sort of covert intimation that my services could be dispensed with, and so I resigned. I never will be a private secretary to a Senator again. You can't please that kind of people. They don't know anything. They can't appreciate a party's efforts.—The Galaxy.

TWICE MARRIED:

OR.

The Old Mountain Castle.

TRANSLATED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY FRANCES A. SHAW.

CHAPTER IV.

CHAPTER IV.

A quarter of an hour later Saddeo again knocked at his master's door, and walked with his usual half-prying, half-stupid air into the apartment. The Marchese still sat at his writing-table with an open book before him, but the sharp eye of the servant saw that he was not reading.

"All was arranged, your excellency," he said, "and all ended as I had thought. The tower-door was left open, the wine with the sleeping powder set before me, I made a pretence of drinking it, then feigning myself intoxicated, I staggered to my sleeping chamber, and tumbled into bed like a log of wood. Very soon that cursed hag Barbara bent over me, took away my keys, and before one could have repeated three pater nosters, back she was in my room, accompanied by the Austrian captain. She companied by the Austrian captain. She conducted him into the garden, and then all

The Marchese started involuntarily from his chair, bit his lips, and was silent.
"I remained lying down a while longer until all three were in the garded. Then I slipped off my boots, crept to the door and listened."

You heard all ?"

"All, your excellency," replied Saddeo, and then he told the story in his own way; in the main, however, conforming to truth. In conclusion he said: "The Marchesa In conclusion he said: "The Marchesa shot like an arrow into her own apartments. I then crept again to bed, and the comedy played on. And there I heard that the captain will write to my lady, and that old witch Barbara will take his letter from the stone by the well. Would it not please you, sir, to have me wring the old hag's neck?"

The Marchese, who appeared not to have

The Marchese, who appeared not to have heard this last question, now rose in an emotion he could no longer conceal. He paced several times up and down the whole ength of the room, talking in an excited nanner to himself. Suddenly he seemed to

ollect that he was not alone.
'You have nothing further to relate?" he

asked, looking sharply at Saddeo.

"Would you hear more?" returned the fellow, with a sly lear of his one eye, and a malicious twisting of the corners of his mouth. But finding that his master was in no humor for jest, he added in a deferential tone: "Is it your pleasure, Herr Marchese, that I bring you the letter?"

I will not see the letter," replied the

burn long after the moon went down. Eugene sat at the table, and wrote upon a sheet which he had torn from his note book. Long he remained undecided whether he should write or not. He did not fear the Marchesa's threat of exposing any further intrusion on his part to the Marchese, but he had a horror of being misunderstood, and deemed forward and inquisitive. And in what an equivocal light must she behold him, for he scarce knew what ne had said to her in the garden, or if she had rightly understood. It was intolerable thus to separate from her, to leave this house and seed of this once, to do his duty blindly, and to report the latest items of information to not his ore, to do his duty blindly, and to report the latest items of information to not his part to the Marchese with a weary, anxious expression of countenance, standing at a window, as if he had long waited him. He listened to the intelligence brought by his servant, as if he had fully made up his mind in regard to this, and other things asso.

"Saddeo," he said, while he placed letters and money in a small casket, "we leave this place in an hour. You will accompany me, Go directly to my wife and inform her. separate from her, to leave this house and to think that he, perhaps the only one who could have restored her to life and freedom, had drawn back after the first failure. And gratify, or any grievance I can redress, she soldierly directness, first excusing his insoldierly directness, first excusing his in-trusion, and then urging her not to give up-her life for lost. He knew only a few of the motives which had urged her to seek this fearful solitude. But as fortune had made him a witness of her sorrowful life, he could not return into the world and leave her to this voluntary death by forms.

Late in the night he took the letter down to the well, and carefully laid it under the stone. The night coolness did him good. He let down the bucket, and drew up a fresh draught. Then he sat for a long time upon the rim of the well, and looked sadly through the bars of the iron fence into the dark garden. He thought over all he had written. No word would he recall. And yet he felt a strange inclination to take up the letter and destroy it. At last, to cut short this painful hesitation, he returned to his chamber and sought to sleep.

short this painful hesitation, he returned to his chamber and sought to sleep.

The day following was foggy and sultry. A heavy sirocco drove the vapors of the sea up into the mountains, and through the thick mist the sun could not penetrate. Under the platane by the well it seemed that it would never be day.

"What an early riser you are getting to be, old hurricane!" said Saddeo, as coming down from the tower-chamber, with the captain's boots, he found Barbara at the well. "And yesterday you took a long walk, and had a nice time gossipping with a stranger."

and had a nice time gossipping with a stranger."

"Perhaps you dreamed it, old mountain rat," returned Barbara. "You snored so loud last night, that the walls threatened to fall down over your head."

"God be praised!" said the fellow, with a jeering laugh, "I slept the sleep of the righteous. If one has a bad coascience, he's awake even upon a bed of down."

"We know you!" replied the old woman." A glowing coal would not burn you, such a true son of the evil one as you are. Only go your own way, and leave honest people in peace. They say that good words do not break the teeth; but I would die sooner than say a good worit to you."

a good word to you."

She filled her pitcher quickly, and carried a good word to you."

She filled her pitcher quickly, and carried it into the house. "I wonder if he noticed anything," she muttered to herself. "It is not my time to go to the well, and when he walked out of the door I was just putting the letter into my pocket. Ah, well! if Heaven will help, the devil, with his long nose, must leave." Oh, poor, and heart! There she goes, up and down, without rest, as usual. "Frau Marchesa!" and she knocked with her crooked, old fingers upon the door of her mistress' chamber. "She would have me believe that she sleeps, but Barbara is not so easily deceived. She is offended because I let the captain into the garden. She will not see me; and yet she must know that no mortal thinks so much of her, or so seeks her good, as this ngly old creature of a Barbara. Wait, I will shove the letter under the door. Then she may take it or not, I wash my hands.

creature of a Barbara. Wait, I will shove the letter under the door. Then she may take it or not, I wash my hands.

Said, done. The letter was pushed so far into the chamber that it could not fail to be seen. Then, with an air of great satisfaction, the old woman seated herself at her spinning-wheel near the window, through whose broken blinds were creeping the first gray beans of dawn. As she span, she hummed to herself the song from the Donna Lombarda. But suddenly the door of the sleeping-chamber opened, and her young mistress stood before her.

"Barbara," she said, firmly but sadly, "I had concluded to say nothing to you in regard to your foolish proceedings of yesterday evening; I knew that you meant well, and therefore forgave you. But you are carrying matters too far; and now I tell you, that if you again attempt anything of this kind, we separate. As for this stranger, I feel for him more sorrow than anger, and therefore shall not betray him to the Marchese. He would not leave this castle alive, if my husband knew of this letter. But things cannot thus remain. Go directly to Friar Ambroxio, and beg him to come to me immediately."

The old woman stared at her mistress

distely."

The old woman stared at her mistress with mouth and eyes wide open.
"In God's name, lady," she said, "why

"In God's name, lady," she said, "why send for Friar Ambrogio?"
"Silence," commanded the Marchesa. "I repeat to you: If you exchange the slightest sign, a nod, or wink even, with that stranger, you shall never again come into my presence. Now hasten and bring the old friar, I have much to say to him. By noon he must be been?"

Then, without waiting a reply, the lady "I will not see the letter," replied the Marchese, "I only wish to know whether he writes it, and it is received. I desire you to be very observing and vigilant. Go to bed now, Saddeo. Good-night." "May you sleep well, Herr Marchese," and groans, she set out, forgetting even to said the servant, and glided from the room.

take along her snuff-box. Saidee, whom she He was not in the best frame of mind. The met in the court, saw from her perturbed manner in which the Marchese treated this thing did not please him. Its anger, too, letter which he had been careful to read begainst old Barbara and the captain knew no bounds. He longed for revenge, and As Barbara could not leave the castle withagainst old Barbara and the captain knew fore dawn, had not had the desired effect, no bounds. He longed for revenge, and finally went to sleep with a curse upon them out his permission, she told him of the hasty both between his teeth.

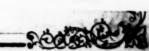
Up in the tower-chamber, at the same hour, the lamp burned, and it continued to burn long after the moon went down. Eucladed for this once, to do his duty hindly,

eparate from her, to leave this house and me. Go directly to my wife and inform her

"Herr Marchese," faltered the fellow, who stood staring like an idio; at his mas-



A STORE OF R



SOCIETY

Marchesa walked over the threshold.

The husband was shocked at the paleness of her young face, which, for a long time, he had seen only in the gray twilight of the castle chapel. Now, the cold glitter of day fell upon it. In a timid, appealing glance, her dark eyes were raised to his. But sudden-ly her cheeks were suffused with a deep She might have seen what lay near

She stepped back as if she had strayed having into the wrong apartment. Then she remained leaning against the door-post, and surumented up all her strength.

You are about to leave the castle, my

"she said, grasping the cross which a her breast. "I have no right to hung upon her breast. 'I have no right to ask why you go, or where. But your sud-den departure for Milan makes me fearful that something has happened to my mother In a dream not long since, I saw her dying. In pity tell me whether or not my dream has

I hope the Countess is well," the Mar chese replied with a powerful effort at self-control. "At least, I have no intelligence to the contrary. There are other reasons which upp me to travel. As I may remain a long time away, I would know before I leave I this air agrees with you. You look pale, Giovanno. If a longer residence in this confined place seems intolerable to you, say so frankly, and I will make arrange-ments for you to pass the winter in Ventce. The moist sea breezes of that city would,

oubtless, do you good,
"I thank you," she said, and her voice
aivered. "I do not deserve so much kindm. I would die nowhere but in this soliam. I would die howere en ear for a request from me, do not set out to-day. Delay your departure until to-morrow or the day after."

For what reason?" he asked what reason? he wascu.

old rather not tell you," she reif you would only believe me that would be better but you are right; our confidence would be too great a boon

was allent, but his eyes were fixed

t speak at all harards," she con-

what has happened will at reaght some incurrence will be a rest, you will one day wonder how you we long and passed hurriedly on.

What could be think? Was this the answer to his letter, or was there some danger at hand which she fearful of speaking to be a hand which she fearful of speaking to followed.

terripting him. "I never told you that I local another before I ever saw you."
"But I knew it. I saw it with my own eyes. Passion blinded me. I hoped when you were mine, and saw the earnestness and

and h rvoice was tremulous, while her large. the places the water inclanation in his face. The fine of a strong driving thunders as purposed is nothing out of the ordinary storm awakened him after some hours. He storm awakened him after some hours. He water the water in a skiff to Riva, when in the middle of the lake, he drew forth the water and three in the middle of the lake, he drew forth the water and three water and three water and three water and the water and three water and the water and three water and the water and three water and the water and three water and the water and the water and three water and the water and the water and three water and the wate

upon the door, and every sense strained to catch some sound from without. But he heard nothing save the ticking of Gino's watch, which lay upon the table near the casket.

At length he perceived steps in the antechanber; steps, whose light, hesitating fall, suddenly roused him from his reclining pesition. With his right hand, he supported himself against the arm of the lounge; the left, he pressed upon his heart, which seemed hour best in which seemed himself against the arm of the lounge; the left, he pressed upon his heart, which seemed hour bursting.

There was a light knock upon the door. With a voice scarcely addible, he answered, "Come in." The door opened, and the Marchesa walked over the threshold. You will not now believe my explanation of that strange midnight visit. Gino was about to leave the country. He knew that he would not be permitted to enter your house by day, and so, under cover of the darkness, he came to bid me farewell forever. I do not blame you for thinking the worst of one who has proved herself so little worthy of your confidence and esteem.

"I thank you from my immost heart for having listened to me so patiently. I thank you that you have not left me alone in this solitude with my remorse and sorrow, but have shared its air with me, and have made You will not now believe my explanation of

have shared its air with me, and have made yourself an exile from the world for my sake. I shall not return to my former life. There is in me now a distaste for all those

There is in me now a distaste for all those frivolities and gayeties upon which once my heart was set. And what have I to hope for in a world where I can never live for you?

"One hope I still cherish. One request I have still to make of you, my husband. Do not go far away, for when I die I would have you come to me. Come, and if I can no longer speak, but can only gaze upon you, know what the glames means which in that last, solemn hour flies to you—to you whom I have learned all too late to love—and then only lay your hand upon my forchead and may, 'Giosanau, I have fargiven you.'"

The Marchese was silent, but his eyes

The Marchese was silent, but his eyes were closed, and his powerful frame shook. as if struggling with an overmastering emo-tion. "No," said he at last. "I cannot do that, Giovanna. It is asking too much."
"What, my husband!" cried the young
wife with a glance of despair, and stepping

back as if in mortal terror.
"I cannot wait until you die to say that to
you." he stammered, and suddenly opened his arms, while a stream of tears gushed from his eyes. Half blindly, he groped his way to her, murmuring disconnected words: "My wife—my poor wife!—forgive—come

"My wife—my poor wife!—forgive—cone
to my breast—be mine—let me be thine—
God—adi merciful God—let us only survive
this hoer, and then praise Thee—eternally!"
He reached after her hands. But she had
fainted upon the threshold. Excess of poy
seemed to have deprived her of life. He
sought to raise her up, but let her again sink
have breaked beside her, and deep her. "I was intending to confide this matter to Friar Ambrozio, and ask his advisa. Not respecting my duty to you. That I need no one to teach me. But I wished to live; we have well carned the right ence know if there were not some safe way to deal with a third person concerned, without the safe way in the safe way to deal with a third person concerned, without the safe way to deal with a third person concerned, without the safe way to deal with a third person concerned, without the safe way to deal with a third person concerned, without the safe way to deal with a third person concerned, without the safe way to deal with a third person concerned, without the safe way to deal with a third person concerned without the safe way to deal with a third person concerned, without the safe way to deal with a third person concerned without the safe way to deal with a third person concerned without the safe way to deal with a third person concerned without the safe way to be safe way to deal with a third person concerned without the safe way to be safe way to deal with a third person concerned without the safe way to be safe way to dive when the safe way to dive with the safe way to be safe way to dive when the safe way to dive when the

would heard every minute, for I have lost ling you. As you are to leave so mon, on now remains but to submit all to generous consideration."

I whom do you speak, Giovanna?"

I diew a step nearer, and closed the behind her. "A guest is in the house," all, "who, without my knowledge or at, has morned amouthing of our and his ounder this roof. He found means his ounder this roof. He found means the most property of the second of the s

have for ball means. In fact, the thought that last more than once occurred to me that things cannot go on in this way. I have no wish to lay the crime of cold bhooked murbles upon my soul, and I shall be guilty of refreshed him. His brow throbbed, and his bridge taking the refreshed him the cyes, to which to sleep had come the night before, wandered sadly and restlessly over the cool highland.

The said she, "I shall die, but you have no fault in this, my husbarid. And I fe had this meaning seen Barbara go over the draw bridge and take the path leading to the draw bridge and take the path leading to the draw bridge and take the path leading to the draw bridge and take the path leading to the draw bridge and take the path leading to the draw bridge and take the path leading to the draw bridge and take the path leading to the draw bridge and take the path leading the draw bridge and take the path leading to the draw bridge and take the path leading the hand of the draw bridge and take the path leading the hand of the draw bridge and take the path leading the hand of the draw bridge and take the path leading the hand of the draw bridge and take the path leading the hand of the draw bridge and take the path leading the hand of the draw bridge and take the path leading the hand of the draw bridge and take the path leading the hand of the draw brid

through that pulseless mid-day air, he fell He pasleep.

castle in its plan, would be a van labor.
Until the next morning he would await an answer to his letter. If none came, it should be to him an assurance that fortune had assigned him no part in this tragedly.

The rain ceased and he left the hut. But he often stood still and hooked back, as if he expected from behind every bush to see the old woman step forth. But no Barbara appeared. peared

A great surprise awaited him at the castle. The massive court gate was open, and a multitude of peasant women and children multitude of peasant women and children stool before it, gaping through its dim arch-way into the great door. Within the court stood a peasant's wagon heaped with trunks and toxes, while Barbara and a sullen-looking servant-maid went tack and forth from the ground floor, bringing new articles which they carefully packed upon the load. At the sight of Eugene the old woman gave an unintelligible exclamation, and nimbly climbed down from the wagon. Then calling to Martina to watch the load And not trust those thievish people, she drew the

climbed down from the waron. Then calling to Martina to watch the load and not trust those thievish people, she drew the astonished young man into the house.

"Hely mother of graned who would have thought it?" she said. "Early this morning I thought that we two should never speak another word together, for she had threatened to send me away if I even said "goodmorning to you—and all for your letter. The Lord only knows with how many sighs I climbed up the mountain, for she looked so ghastly that I thought she surely was about to die, and wanted to confess for the last time. All the way up and back I suffered terribly from a stitch in my left side, which trouble is always sure to bring on, and all trouble is always sure to bring on, and all the good priest said to console me helped no more than lemonade against the ague. But when we got here and I asked, 'Where is our lady, Saddeo?' that viliain answered with a countenance as if he had prophesied with a countenance as if he had prophessed of the day of judgment. 'She is up in the master's room.' And I said. 'You are lying, you insolent knave, that is impossible.' 'Hura!' said he; 'impossible or not, it is true, old hurricane, and we are going away, where I hope never to see your sallow old face again.' You may imagine, dear sir, how I then with Friar Ambrezio sprang up the stairs two steps at a time, with my sixty-year old walking-sticks—and, what think you? who sat by the master, and, as we two entered urannounced, sprang upon her feet and blushed like a young betrothed thing whom one surprises with her laver? I have nothing more to say, for I know no-thing more than, old as I am, I never before

thing more than, old as I am, I never before saw such a day.

"How this all came about Heaven only knows. I have asked Martina, but not a mortal word does she know. I did not grudge a word to even that scamp Saddee, and he looked mighty canning and mysterious, but I marked well that he also knew nothing, and that all his listening had been in vaia. But he suddenly became as pliable as a glove. For my lady, as she came from her husband's room, and saw him at work in the court, went up and spoke a while with him, and gave him at last her hand. He held fast the hand and would have kissed it, but she would not suffer this. To me

condin't see that the Marchene had any idea of shooting me dead. He led his wife across the court, and Saddee came to tell me that everything must be packed, for to morrow we are to leave the castle never to return. This letter, and he, 'is for the Austrian condinated and he, 'is for the Austrian condinated and he had a condinate and the plant instead of the leaf.

The Revue National publishes the official statistics of the number of men killed and the plant instead of the leaf.

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The Revue National publishes the official statistics of the number of men killed and the plant instead of the leaf.

Insert should have taken, for well I know that your heart turned from me—"
"You were not to blame," she said, to terrupting him. "I never told you that I lead on by this thought, he had vainly sought her for hours. At length he again turned back to the solitary hit by the stone-quarry, supposing she would await him there you were mine, and saw the earnestness and strength of my affection, that I might also that of my affection, that I might also that of my affection, that I might also they will be some all as it must come, as my like yours would take the deepest root. Then came all as it must come, as my known had a sit must come, as my known had a sit must come, as my known had might have led me to sweet."

No, my husband, "replied the Marchesa, and he refers was tremulous, while her large, through that pulseless mid-day air, he fell."

He place in the solitary hit by the stone-stand turned back to the solitar

He placed the watch mechanically in his

The Wrong Woman.

Reading an article in which Mrs. Oakes Smith relates a story of a woman proposing to the wrong man, reminds me of an occurrence that happened here some twenty years since. A distinguished professor and divine from this neighborhood was on a visit to some friends east of the mountains, and was some friends east of the mountains, and was introduced to a very respectable family which had two accomplished daughters—one of them very handsome, and the other rather plain. After spending some weeks in the neighborhood, and having frequent opportunities of meeting the ladies, he became quite canamed with the younger and prettier of the sisters. He, however, returned home without showing any preference. He was a man of very sedate and studious habits, and soon became absorbed in his books, and for a time he seemed to forget his new nequantances. But the forget his new acquaintances. But the image of one of them seemed to be continually before his mind. After having maturely considered the matter, and having, I have no doubt, wought guidance from on high, he concluded to commence a correspondence with the object of his affection. Unfortunately, or fortunately, as he afterwards stated, he addressed the wrong lady. He had got their names transposed. The correspondence finally led to an engagement. The day was fixed for the wedding, and the grave and reverend D. D. entered his appearance at the proper time. But what was his constornation to find that he was going no doubt, sought guidance from on high, he pearance at the proper time. But what was his constornation to find that he was going to marry a lady he had not courted. But, being a sensible and an honorable man, he said nothing about it, believing the hand of Providence was in the matter, and was the matter, and actually married to the sister of the girl he thought he had won. Time wore on; she proved to be a most amiable, intelligent and affectionate wife. He never told the story till after the younger sister was happily married. He never had reason to repent the mistake, and he to this day is firm in the helief that God so ordained it for his happi-"All's well that ends well "- Pitts hury Chronicle

A Proposat.

On the lith of last February, a young gentleman residing in Leicester, sent the following Valentine to a young lady in Lon-

Delicate Ears And Radiant Eyes Scatter Their Wiles In Leicester; Leicester Your Offer Under-Buys, Each Maiden Is Not Esther,

In the course of a few days he received this

Declare, Edwin! Can Love Impart Nover Entrancement Dearer, Will Interest Thy Hand—Thy Heart,— And Never Kiss Sincerer?

It will be seen, on examination, that the initial verses form the words, "Dearest, will you be mine?" and those of the second, "Declined with thanks." This is the most elaborate and the most veiled way of pro-

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT. - Dickens wrote: A BEAUTIFIL THOUGHT,—Dickens wrote:
"There is nothing—no, nothing—beautiful
and good, that dies and is forgotten. An
infant, a prattling child, dying in its cradle,
will live again in the better thoughts of those
who loved it, and play its part, though its
body be burned to ashes or drowned in the
deepest sea. There is not an angel added
to the hosts of heaven but does its blessed

this interest anisothing of earum, the substitute the grade of the first thirty and the country of the first this of the root in the grade of the country of the first this of the hold strength to ask.

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In the hold state the hand and would have shell on the hold speck no word, but the would not sailer this. To me the half speck now the hold state the hand and would have sailer this. To me the half speck no word, but the hold sold word it ask of the hold strength to ask.

In the hold state the hand and would have shell out believed to the hold speck no word, but the hold state the hand and would have sailer this. To me the half speck no word, but the hold strength to ask of the hold strength the color of the strength of the hold strength to ask of the hold strength to ask of the hold strength to ask of the hold strength the color of the strength of the hold strength the color of the strength of the hold strength the color of the strength of the hold strength the color of the strength of the hold strength to ask of the hold strength

metropolitan theatres and places of amuse-ment, is in a position to treat for it on un-usually advantageous terms. Address—"

An old Marquesan chief on being told

by a missionary that in Heaven there was no war, or hunger or thirst, or sickness, or death, replied, "That will be a good place for cowards and lazy folks who are afraid to fight and too lazy to climb bread-fruit and

13 Will Mrs. S. ever speak the truth any more, ma? The big girls said that she had a new set of falsehood teeth.

How to have a big time-buy a town

THE FIRST CROQUET.

Ah! bright days of summer, when croquet beginning, Makes fair lawn and garden look ten times

more fair; I took my good mallet, it cannot be sinning To give up all work and rush out to fresh

How sad it is croquet's a pleasure, not duty; How nice a profession it would be to

stay
For ever on lawns smoothly rolled, and woo Beauty
In earnest, or flirt through the long summer day.

There's never a painter could mix on his pallet
The colors to rightly portray such a scene; For vonder a maiden is wielding a mallet,

And fair is her face as the Paphian queen. She stoops to the sward, and I fain would surrender

All chances of winning to keep by her But she croquets me ruthlessly, laughs when

I'm tender, And sends me away o'er the garden so

Yet I cling to the dream, and I still go on playing, For Croquet and Cupid are ne'er far

apart And, perchance, e'er the season has gone for the having,
My loving persistence may win me her

heart. Il never despair, but on days that are

brightest,
I'll stray, like a moth, near my beautiful

My touch when I croppet her ball shall be If losing would win her,-I'd give up the

Increase of Real Estate in New York.

A life-long friend of John Jacob Astor said A life-long friend of John Jacob Astor said to him just before he died, real estate then being very dull: "Mr. Astor, don't you think you have too much real estate?" "No, sir," said the eba man; "if I could begin life ngain, and know what I know to-day, I would buy every foot of land on the island of New York." The leases of New York run for twenty-one years. They usually include a clause for three or more renewals at the expiration of successive twenty-one years at a new valuation. Trinity Church leases all a new valuation. Trimity Church leases all expired last year, and the difference in price over what it was twenty-one years ago, is perfectly enormous. Pr. Cheever's congregation built their church on leased property at the rate of \$1,500 a year ground rent. The new valuation brings the ground rent for the next twenty-one years to the sum of \$10,000 a year. Stowart's new marble store \$10,000 a year. Stewart's new marble store on Tenth street and Broadway, which will cover the whole block, Broadway, Bowery, Ninth street and Tenth, is built on leased Sinth street and Tenth, is built on leased ground. It is owned by the corporation of the Sailors' Snug Harbor. Many years ago Captain Randall left his farm-house and twenty-four acres of land to form a snug harbor for disabled and aged scamen. The property was then valued at about \$14,000. It includes the lots on which Stewart is now building his store, and stretches away west acress Breadway to Washington source. It building his store, and stretches awy west across Broadway to Washington square. It is among the most valuable of city property. The lots on which Stewart is building were rented twenty-one years ago for \$6,000 a year. The renewal takes place this year. Mr. Stewart bought up the leases and holds the renewal. He has been paying \$6,000 oground rent to the Sailor's Snug Harbor. In January, 1868, the new valuation commenced, and for twenty-one years his rent will be increased from \$6,000 to \$50,000 a year! And so real estate goes in New York. The whole of Park Place, near City Hall, is owned by Columbia College, and those immense warehouses in and around pay tribute to the cause of education. The Dutch Church property, running from Ann street to Broadway and down toward the East River, gives the Collegiate Church an income which makes it a millionaire. While Trinity sees its domains stretching below its cathedral on Ercadway, above it to Green. come which makes it a millionaire. While Trinity sees its domains stretching below its cathedral on Broadway, above it to Grace, and stretching out east and west like an im-mense fan, makes a placer richer and more valuable than the gold mines of the Old World or the New.

Ester. Which contains the hauried after the masses, who stood upon the draws. Perhaps you will find a latter. Which contains words written in pencil by the latter. Which contains words written in pencil by the latter. Which contains words written in pencil by the latter which words written in pencil by the latter. Which contains words written in pencil by the latter. Which contains words written in pencil by the latter. Which contains words written in pencil by the latter. Which contains words written in pencil by the latter. Which contains words written in pencil by the latter which which will be listed to you have read to be seen and of hereor, and should opply I am indebted to you have readed to be awake, creat softly to the will sell it to the go fair valuation, at any moment.

I as an in the evening iwilight, lay carrying his bargage, Enambered up the mountain, he same of the glittering object, which ensures a feel, in good condition; the delicate sweetmeats of that him down are obtained: "Confectioners.—The boy to wait, and stepped after who why, to descend thy path leading to the valley, the boy to wait, and stepped at the shining thing. As he usually advantageous terms. Address.—"

Appeared presented the sunce of the walley of the will sell it to the go. I am for the will sell it to the go. I am for the will sell it to the go. I am for the will sell it to the go. I am for the will sell it to the go. I am for the will sell it to the go. I am for the will sell it to the go. I am for the will sell it to the go. I am for the will sell it to the go. I am for the will sell it to the go. I am for the will be a supposed to the will be a warm of the will be a supposed to the will be a supp

ties of doing kindnesses, if sought for, that are for ever starting up—it is by words, by tones, by gestures, by looks—that affection is won and preserved. He who neglects these trifles, yet boasts that whenever a great sacrifice is called for he shall be ready to make it, will rarely be loved. The like-lihood is, that he will not make it, and, if , it will be much rather for his own sake than for his neighbor's.

A young Indian girl, perfectly wild, was recently purchased, in Terra del Fuego, for a bag of biscuits.

SOS SOS

Choice Extracts.

ETTHER AND NETTHER.—The analogically correct pronunciation of these words is what we call the Irish one, ayther and nayther; the dipthong having the sound it has in a large family of words in which the dipthong is is the emphasized vowel sound—ucight, freight, dign, rein, obtionne, &c. This sound, too, has come down from Anglo-Saxon times, as we have already seen, the word in that language being agper; and these can be no doubt that in this, as in some other respects, the language of the feet, and are rarely troubled with weeds, word in that language being egger; and these can be no doubt that in this, as in some other respects, the language of the educated Irish Englishman is analogically correct, and in conformity to ancient custom. His pronunciation of certain syllables in ei which have acquired in English usage the sound of e long, as, for example, conceil, receive, and which he pronounces consay, reasyre, is analogically and historically correct. E had of old the sound of a long, and i the sound of e, especially in words which came to us from or through the Norman French. But ayther and nayther, being antiquated and Irish, analogy and the best usage require the common pronunciation either and ni-ther, with the i long, which is sometimes heard, there is not the authority either of analogy or the best speakers. It is an affectation, and, in this country, a copy of a second-rate British affectation. Persons of the best education and the highest social position in England say either and neether.

MILITARY TRANNING.—One prominent word in that language betting egger's and other contents of the sound of a property of the language of the chuested Irish Engishman is analogically correct, and in conforming to ancient customs. His pronunciation of certain whiches the sound of c. capsed and have been been contents of the sound of c. capsed and have foreign and the sound of c. capsed and have been contents of the sound of c. capsed and have foreign and of the sound of c. capsed and have been contents of the sound of c. capsed and have foreign and of the sound of c. capsed and have been contents of the sound of c. capsed and have been contents of the sound of c. capsed and have been contents of the sound of c. capsed and have been contents of the sound of c. capsed and have been contents of the sound of c. capsed and have been contents of the sound of c. capsed and have been contents of the sound of c. capsed and have been contents of the sound of c. capsed and have been contents of the sound of c. capsed and have been contents of the sound of the sound of c. capsed and have been contents of the sound of c. capsed and have been contents of the sound of c. capsed and have been contents of the sound of c. capsed and have been contents of the sound of c. capsed and have been contents of the sound of c. capsed and have been contents of the sound of c. capsed the sound of c. capsed and have been contents of the sound of c. capsed and have been contents of the sound of c. capsed and have been contents of the sound of c. capsed and have been contents of the sound of c. capsed and have been contents of the sound of c. capsed and have been contents of the sound of c. capsed and have been contents of the capsed the capsed and have been contents of the capsed and have been contents of the capsed and have been contents of the capsed and ha

AMERICAN POLITICS. - To practically enter into politics is an important part of American personalism. To every young man, North and South, carnestly studying these things, I should say, Understand that America goes about its development its own rica goes about its development its own way—sometimes, to temporary views, appalling enough. It is the fashion among dillettants and fops to decry the whole formulation and personnel of the active politics of America, as beyond redemption, and to be carefully kept away from. See you that you do not fall into this error. America is doing very well, upon the whole, notwithstanding these anties of the parties and their leaders, these half-brained nominees, and the many ignorant ballots, and many elected failures and blatherers. It is the dillettants, and all who shirk their duty, who are not doing and blatherers. It is the differents, and all who shirk their duty, who are not doing well. As for you, I advise you to enter more strongly yet into politics. I advise every young man to do so. Always inform yourself; always do the best you can; always yole. Disengage yourself from partice. They have been useful, and to some extent electors, farmers, clerks, mechanics, the masters of partices—watching aloof, inclining victory this side or that side—such are the ones most needed, present and future. For America, if eligible at all to downfall and ruin, is eligible within herself, not without; for I see clearly that the combined

port the assertion—that cast-iron, when heated to a certain extent, is pervious to some gases and vapors, and allows the poisonous products of coal combustion to filter through it. So that a room warned by a cast-iron stove soon has its atmosphere vitiated by carbonic acid. They who have to sit long in apartments so heated, often complain of oppression and headaches; henceforth they may know the cause. The Academy has appointed a committee of chemists to examine and report upon the submists to examine and report upon the sub-

An English gentleman lately called at one of the Paris post-offices to inquire how much it would cost to send himself home to England by mail. He was weighed, and after a little calculation the clerk in-formed him that it would cost 8,648 francs. The sum was counted out, but the police were called, and milord was led back to his hotel, and pronounced insane.

137 The colored militia at Gallatin, Tenn., has been disbanded by order of Governor Brownlow.

**The peat bogs near South Bend, Ind., are to be worked for the purpose of supplying the West with cheap fuel.

Garden Walks.

walks are always dry and pleasant to the feet, and are rarely troubled with weeds, and when they are they can be readily re-

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1930 head. The pricer realized from 1930 fe11/y cts \$2 ft. 200 Cows brought from \$15 to 75 \$2 ft. and. Sheep-8000 head were disposed of at from 56, 7% cts \$2 ft. \$250 Hogs sold at from \$13,50 \$2 ft. \$150 \$

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out; for I see clearly that the combined A STRATTUTE FOR SARATOGA foreign world could not beat her down. But toreign world could not bent her down. But these savage, wolfde parties alarm me. Owning no law but their own will, more and more combative, it behooves you to convey yourself implicitly to no party, but steadily hold yourself judge and master over all of them.—The Galaxy.

17 WATERS Coulds, Regulation as All Parties of Mannes of the could be provided in the control of the could be provided by the could be provided by

Bewahe of closed cast-iron stoves. The French Academy of Sciences has lately been discussing the unhealthy effects of these articles. It is said—and experiments sup-

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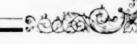
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WIT AND HUMOR.

Protestant Cow.

Paddy Murphy and his wife, Bridget, after many years of hard labor ditching and washing, had accumulated a sufficiency (beside supporting themselves and the "childers") to purchase a cow, (of course they had pigs!) which they did at the first opportunity. As it was bought of a Protestant neighbor, Paddy stopped on his way home at the house of the priest, and procured a bottle of holy water with which to exercise the false faith out of her.

"Inn't she a foine creature?" asked Pat, of the admiring Bridget. "Jest hould her till I fix the ahed."

To save the precious fluid from harm, he

till I fix the shed."

To save the precious fluid from harm, he took it into the house and satit up in a cubboard until he had "fixed" things. Then he returned and brought the bottle back again, and while Bridget was holding the rope, proceeded to pour it upon her back.

But poor Faddy had made a slight mistake.

Standing rithing the same cleans was a bottle.

Standing within the same closet was a bottle of aquafortis, that had been procured for a far different purpose, and, as it dropped upon the back of the poor cow, and the hair began to smoke and the flesh burn, she ex-hibited decided appearances of restlessness. ted decided appearances of restlessness. Pour on more, Paddy," shouted Bridget,

"Pour on more, Paddy," shouted Bridget, as she tugged at the rope. "I'll give her enough, now," quoth Paddy, and he emptied the bottle.

Up went the heels of the cow, down went her head, over went Bridget and half a dozen of the "childers," and away dashed the infuriated bovine down the street, to the terror of all the mothers and the delight of

Poor Paddy stood for a moment breathless with astonishment, and, then clapping his hands upon his hips, looked sorrowfully, and

"Be jabbers, Bridget, but isn't the Pro-testant strong in her—the baste!"

Can the "skate" be ever considered any thing but an-ice ash?

thing but an-ice-sah?
Did 'herrings' originally come from Eriu's
Isle? and, if so, could they by any chance
have been the first 'finny'uns?'
Can 'whipping's stream account in any
way for the wails of the ocean, or the sighs

Would speculating in the "Bank" of New-pundland be necessarily a fishy transaction? In numbering the "ova" of some fish at millions, is not their fecundity rather "ova

ay that as is often the case fish were utilized as manure, would it take only one hundred and sixty "perch" for an acre of

Is it a matter of surprise that a whale ge

nerally ends in "blubber?"

Are fishes scales subject to the supervi-sion of the Inspector of Weights and Mea-sures, and are their "gills" of imperial mea-

Is the ultimate "fin" of a fish called the

Would it be etiquette to tell an oyster to

How is it that the "net" takings of the fisherman are always in reality his "gross" takings?
Describe the class of fish which are eaught

May a group of sperm whales be considered a "school for candle?"

An Excuse for Smoking.

In the reign of James I., of tobacco-hatin otoriety, the boys of a school acquired the habit of smoking, and included in it night and day, using the most ingenious expedients to conceal the vice from their master, till one luckless evening, when the imps were all huddled together round the fire of their all huddled together round the fire of their dormitory, involving each other in vapors of their own creating, lo! in burst the master and stood in awful dignity before them.

"How now," quoth the dominie to the first lad; "how dare you be smoking?"
"Sir," said the boy, "I am subject to headaches, and a pipe takes off the pain."
"And you? and you? and you?" inquired the results.

the pedagogue, questioning every boy in his

One had a." raging tooth," another coli the third a cough in short they all had

"Now, sirrah," bellowed the doctor to the st boy, "what disorder do you smoke for?" Alas! all the excuses were exhausted; but the interrogated urckin, putting down his pipe, after a farewell whift, and looking up in his master's face, said, in a whining, hypocritical tone, "Sir, I smoke for corns!"

THE PARISIANS are chuckling over a stotold of a young attache at Constantinop who was invited some months ago to a dancing party given by Fuad Pacha at his sump-tuous residence. At those balls our own citquette is strictly adhered to, with the ex-ception that the Turkish ladies remain in ctiquette is strictly adhered to, with the ex-ception that the Turkish ladies remain in their apartments, where they are visited was his equal infinish, but who never knew. their apartments, where they are visited only by the fair sex. A young attache, very fond of practicing the precept of Napoleon the Great, "Nothing is impossible in this world," gave his arm to the wife of his chief and led her to the harem. When he had reached the threshold he seemed to be inclined to span it, when Fuad Pacha, who was watching all the while, came and said to him, "Pardon me, sir, you are accredited to the Porte (door). Your mission dids here."

ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON ALLSTON gion Allston, the distinguished painter, had acquired a great reputation, a gentleman carried to him a sketch, stating that it was the work of a young man, and he wished Mr. Allston's opinion of its merits, and the promise which it indicated of future fame. Mr. Allston looked at it carefully, and then said—"If the young man has fame. Mr. Aliston looked at it carefully, and then said—"If the young man has wealth, and wishes to indulge in painting as a recreation, let him do so, but he will never excel as an artist." The gentleman carried the picture away, and probably Mr. Allston was much astonished to hear sub-sequently that the sketch which he had con-demned was one of his own earliest attempts.

\$ #7" Why is a rooster standing on a fence like a silver half dollar? Because it is head on one side and tail on the other.



THE PORCE OF EXAMPLE

NURSE. - "Oh! Miss Nelly! What are you about?"
MISS NELLY, - "I'm only dipping Dolly, like the bathing woman dips me!"

In Two Volumes.

One of the most perfect illustrations of "sauce," in its popular sense, with which we are acquainted, is conveyed in the reply ce given by a French cure to his bish It is a regulation made by canonical law that a priest cannot keep a female servant to manage a household unless she be of the as signed age of at least forty years. It once happened that a bishop dined with a cure, at whose house the prelate had arrived in the course of a visitation-tour. On that oc casion he found that they were waited on at dinner by two quict, pretty female atten-dants, of some twenty years each. When the discession and subordinate were once more alone, the former remarked on the uncanoni-cal condition of his household, and asked the cure if he were not aware that by a rule menagere, who must have attained at least forty years. "I am quite aware of it, mon-seigneur," said the rubicund cure; "but, you see, I prefer having my housekeeper in two volumes." of the church he could maintain but one

Apelles, the Painter.

The art of painting probably culminated in Apelles, the Titian of his age, who united the rich coloring and sensual charms of the Jonian with the scientific severity of the Si-cyonian school. He was contemporaneous with Alexander, and was alone allowed to paint the picture of the great conqueror. He was a native of Ephesus, studied under Pamphilus of Amphipolis, and when he had gamed reputation he went to Sicyon and took lessons from Melanthius. He spent the best part of his life at the courts of Philip and Alexander, and painted many portraits of these great men and of their generals, He excelled in portraits, and labored so assiduously to perfect himself in drawing, that he never speht a day without practising. He made great improvement in the mechanical part of his art, and also was the first who covered his picture with a thin varnish, both to preserve it and bring out the colors. He to preserve it and bring out the colors. He invented ivery-black. His distinguishing excellence was grace, "that artless balance of motion and repose, springing from character, founded on propriety, which neither falls short of the demands nor overleaps the modesty of nature." His great contempo-ratics may have equalled him in perspective, accuracy, and finish; but he added a grace conception and refinement of taste which of conception and refinement of taste winch placed him, by the general consent of ancient authors, at the head of all the painters of the world. His greatest work was his Venus. Anadyomene, or Venus rising out of the sea, in which female grace was personified. The falling drops of water from her hair form a transparent silver veil over her form. It cost one hundred talents, and was painted for the Temple of Æsculapins at Cos, and after-ward placed by Augustus in the temple which he dedicated to Julius Cassar. The

How large are the stars, and are they alike, or do they differ in size? It used to be conjectured that they are of somewhat similar magnitude, presumably about as great as our sun, and that the differences of apparent size are due to differences of dis-tance; but when astronomers came to dis-cover that some of the smaller stars are the nearest to our system, this idea fell to the ground. A German computer has now, how-ever, calculated the actual dimensions of one particular star, and finds that its mass is rather more than three times that of the sun. The star in question is of less than the fourth magnitude—a comparatively small one. What, then, must be the size of those of the Sirius and Allebaran class! The reason of its selection for this determination was, that it is one of the components of what is called a binary system—two stars revolving about each other like sun and planet and the motions of the members of planet—and the motions of the members of such a system afford data for the computa-tion. The star's distance from us is a mil-lion and a quarter times that of the earth from the sun, so that light takes twenty years to travel hither from it.

SO PAR SO PAR AWAY.

So far away! So far away! Thy stars are not the stars I see ith me 'tis night, with thee 'tis day,
And day and night are one to me.
So far—so far away!

faint beneath those wandering airs Whose wings around the world go free; snatch at straws the whirlwind bears— Touched they the land that blooms for

So far so far away

The forms that near me breathe and move

cannot live to other love, My soul has crossed the deep to thee So far—so far away!

Earth's drooping shadows close me round,
The heavens have lost their light for me,
The voice of joy breathes not a sound. And hope swoons dead on yonder sea So far—so far away!

English Dandyism. Lord E. F., captain in the 10th Hussars, sauntered one day into the Royal Arcade, Dublin. After looking about him he walked into a glover's shop and asked to see some gloves. Several parcels were shown to him and he selected a pair. While trying them on he inquired of the old lady behind the counter, what was to pay. "Two and nineon he inquired of the old lady behind the counter, what was to pay. "Two and nine-pence, sir." "Two and nine-pence, sir." "Two and nine-pence!" he exclaimed, lifting up the eyebrows; "how much is two and nine-pence?" "Three shillings, all but three pence," replied the lady, smiling. "Aw," he said, "three shillings! I see." He took out his purse and placed three shillings on the counter. The shop-woman opened the till-drawer, took from it three penny-nieces, folded them in a bit of woman opened the till-drawer, took from it three penny-pieces, folded them in a bit of paper, and handed them to the officer.
"Your change, sir." "My change! oh! aw! yeas! very good!" He went on fitting his gloves. "Pray, have you a porter?" "There's a porter in the Arcade. Shall I call him, sir?" "Oh, thank you; too much trouble, I'm sure! aw!" "No trouble at all, sir." The old lady went to the door and beckened to some one in the distance. A man in a faded bine and vellow livery enbeckened to some one in the distance. A man in a faded blue and yellow livery entered the shop. "Here's the porter, sir," said the eld lady. "Oh! aw! thanks, I'm sure," rejoined the officer. "My man," turning to the areadian official, "do you know the Portobello Barracks?" "Portoknow the Partoleilo barrans. Bello, si? Sure an' it's meself that does. Haven't l'a cousin in No. 5 troop of the Tinth Hussars?" The officer, handing a card to him, pointed to the pence on the counter, and said, "Take that luggage to my servant at this address, and here's halfa crown for your trouble

Gossipping.

It is not alone in small neighborhoods that could be found to repair it. Nor was there an artist who could complete an uninished picture which he left. He was a man who courted criticism, and who was unenvious of the fame of rivals. He was a great admirer and friend of Protogenes of Rhodes, who was his equal in finish, but who never knew, as Apelles did, when to cease correcting.

Dr. Lord's Old Roman World.

seandal exclusively operates. Out in the world in the friendship, in politics, its effects are seen; friendship, in politics, its effects are seen; and half the evils of life that one encounters is caused by the obtrusion of some hand in his dish besides his own. How much hearthurning is caused by it, how much bitterness, how much hatred, how much annoyance! And yet those who meddle most are often very good people, who would not do Out in the often very good people, who would not do any harm for the world, and are quite shocked at the results which their about-nable interference has brought about. Every thing is heard to be repeated, and sugges-tions are made by them which afterwards be-come affirmations of your own, that do all manner of harm. And yet the meddlers do not know what they have done. They might. indeed, weep with you over crushed hopes that their very propensity has caused, and bear no malice in their hearts towards anybody; as an innocent colt migne, in lost cess of lovingness, kick his owner's and best tess of lovingness, kick his owner's and best friend's brains out. If people would but mind their own business, there would be less bankruptcy of comfort in society, and the machinery of life in all its departments would run more smoothly.

me, and jumped astride of his

mother's lap.

"Ma, what did you do to-day without no pud-muddle and a Johnny to wade in it?"

"I missed you," his mother said.

"Ha! you'll find out how much worth I

AGRICULTURAL.

Ponitry in Large Numbers.

The agricultural papers frequently contain articles from poultry keepers, showing certain profits from a given number of hens—from 10 to 100 generally. The writers give figures to show their alleged profits, which we often consider to be false, as we know from extensive experience, about how many eggs can be obtained from fowls, no matter what the breed is, and the expense to keep them.

to keep them.

The best breed of fowls, if not allowed to ait, will not average over about 100 eggs each in a year; and if we take 20 pullets and two cocks, with the best accommodations, and the best of care, in no case can one ex-pect to obtain over 2,000 in the full year, if no chickens are raised. Now, let us figure

The 2,000 eggs, at the best market rates, The 2,000 eggs, at the best market rates, would sell for, say two cents each, \$40. Now comes the cost of keeping. A hen will cat a gill of grain a day. Corn and oats are as cheap feed as can be obtained. Corn at the east, where the price of eggs is fixed, is worth from \$1 to \$1.25 a bushel, and oats about 60 cents. Each hen requires, say 45 quarts of this grain in a year, half of each, which is worth mixed, 45 quarts, \$1.25. The 20 hens and two roosters would, therefore, cost per year, \$27.50. This leaves a profit of \$12.50 on the 22 fowls, provided that none die, and that the trouble of taking care of them is not estimated at all, nor the exnone die, and that the trouble of taking care of them is not estimated at all, nor the expense of carrying the eggs to market. Our experience is that ten per cent. of every breed of fowls, on an average, die of some disease, from April 1st to December 1st. Every fowl keeper knows this to be the case, taking a series of years together, when the fowls are kept in small numbers; but when the fowls are kept in small numbers; but when kept in large numbers, the mortality among them increases in the ratio of the number kept and roosted together. Now, if we deduct the value of two fowls

the probable decrease in the above lot of 22—from \$12.59—rating them at \$1 each—we have a profit of \$10.50 on the fowls, and all of our trouble and labor in taking care of them and taking their eggs to market, is not brought into the account.

It may be said that fowls will generally

pick up enough food around a farmer's barn, partially to support them, and that the re-fuse of the table is often as much as a few fowls will require as food. We admit all of that, and it is in such cases that a few fowle show the greatest gains; but we are now showing what profits may be expected from keeping poultry, when all their feed has to

be bought.

We are often asked the question, "Cannot a man make a living by keeping fowls as a business, to sell the eggs and raise all the chickens he can, to be sold in the fall?" or of that tenor. We answer, no man has everyet done it. Scores have tried it, both in this country and in Europe, and met disaster is every case; and the disaster lies in the fact, that when a large number of fowls are congregated together, disease will take place, and sweep like a contagion through the and sweep like a contagion through the whole flock. This has been the result in every case where the experiment of keeping from 500 to 2,000 fowls has been attempted

Again, fowls require fresh meat daily, in rder to thrive. These 20 or 40 fowls will order to thrive. obtain a supply in worms and insects, when they have the range of an acre or two around a farm house; but when 100, or more, are a farm house; but when 100, or more, are kept, the range is too small to enable them to obtain a supply of such insects, even if given a whole farm to range over, for the reason that they will not generally go over 30 or 40 rods from their home, at least the most of the fowls will stay about their yard, and thus fail to obtain sufficient worms and other insects, in consequence of their numbers, to lay well and be healthy.

If it were practical to have separate yards and roosts for each 100 hens, giving an acre of range to each, with shade, running water, etc., one could keep as many fowls as he

etc., one could keep as many fowls as he desired, and not lose annually, perhaps, over 15 per cent. by mortality; but to keep two or three thousand fowls on this plan, would occupy too much space, and require too much labor to take care of them. If fed on fresh meat, however, enough to supply the place of insects usually gathered, smaller yards would answer, even a quarter of an

yards would answer, even a quarter of an acre to each 100 fowls.

Their roosting places, in summer and winter, should have windows so placed as to allow a current of fresh air to pass directly through them, at the same height as their perches, as the fowls will become diseased, more or less if this is not done. In very perches, as the lowis will become diseased, more or less, if this is not done. In very cold weather in winter, these windows should be partially closed before the fowls go to roost, and opened in the morning. We have had our fowls become diseased, from the want of pure air, too many times, not to know what we say is true; and to have a large number of fowls roost in an underground cellar, under a barn on the side of a hill, unless the south side be left entirely open, would result in disease and loss. In conclusion, we say, let no man be so

unwise as to purchase a large number of fowls, with a view to making money by keeping them. If one attempts to enter into this business at all, it should be by slow and sure degrees, commencing with from 50 to 100 fowls, and increasing the number no faster than he could do so safely, and ensure them exemption from the contagious diseases, that cause all the trouble in the

RECEIPTS.

Asparagus.-Use it as soon as possible after cutting; there are several ways of cooking this, each of which is good. Dis-card all not brittle enough to break easily, tie it in small bunches, and boil it in very little water, slightly salted, until tender; take off the strings, put it in a covered dish, add butter to the water sufficient to make a rich gravy, and thicken it with very little be ONE very busy day John was sent to school to be put out of the way. At night gus; be careful to lay the heads all one way.

ASPARAGUS TOAST.—Tie the stalks in otherwise. Cannot say, and do not believe small bunches, beil them in very little salted water until tender; toast as many slices of bread as there are bunches of asparagus, butter them while hot, lay a bunch on each slice of toast, add a little butter to the water, and pour it over the whole.

THE RIDDLER.

Biographical Enigma.

I am composed of 58 letters. My 8, 36, 5, 24, 9, 40, 41, 37, 6, was a Welsh

My 16, 31, 33, 13, 2, was a Greek poet. My 55, 28, 19, 3, 34, 43, was also a Greek

My 24, 7, 58, 50, 18, 12, 4, 20, 44, 23, was a distinguished American.
My 19, 21, 11, 24, 10, 40, 27, 42, 17, 25, 22, 41, 46, 26, 4, 50, was a celebrated

41, 45, 26, 4, 50, was a celebrated navigator.

My 14, 51, 58, 15, 39, 29, 49, 56, 19, was a French Philosopher.

My 30, 53, 57, 35, 47, 54, was a distinguished French Republican.

My 32, 44, 48, 52, 5, 20, is a well known missionary in South Africa.

My 38, 1, 45, 6, 9, 11, is a general in the United States Army.

My whole was a distinguished Egyptian.

FRANK EDMONSON.

FRANK EDMONSON. Oak Point, Iosea.

Enigma. I am composed of 10 letters.

My 7, 2, 4, 8, is often seen in wet weather.

My 1, 10, 3, 5, is an animal.

My 5, 3, 2, 9, 3, is an instrument made use
of by threshers.

My 1, 6, 10, 3, is a kind of fuel.

My whole is the name of one of the states.

E. CLARK.

Factoryville, Pa.

Riddle.

My first is in rich, but not in poor, second's in marsh, but not in moor, third is in home, but not in house, fourth is in plunge, but not in douse. fifth is in cab, but not in coach, sixth is in utter, but not in broach.

seventh is in wilful, but not in perverse, eighth is in malediction, but not in curse. y eighth is in malediction, but not in curse.
A poet's name these letters combine,
Whose verse will last throughout all time.

Riddle.

My 1st is in young, but not in old,

2nd is in winter, but not in cold; 3rd is in water, but not in spring, 4th is in merry, but not in sing; 5th is in bonny, but not in bright,

My 6th is in lantern, but not in light; My 7th is in like, but not in hate

whole is a large and prosperous state. NANCY.

Geometrical Problem. Three circles, whose radii are 6, 7, and 8 feet, touch each other externally. Required—The radius of the largest circle that can be described in the space included by them.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa. An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

What tree is of great use in history?

Ans.—The date.

**The date.

** What two fishes get most trodden on?

Ans.—Soles and heels (cels.)

What word in English is both sour and sweet? Ans.—Tart.

The What bird is like a windlass? Ans.—

Crane. Why should a magistrate be very cold? Ans.—Because he represents just-ice.

Answer to Last.

TRANSFORMATION RIDDLE-Friend. (fiend, find, finn, fen, Fred. (Douglas,) red, Ind, end.)

ASPARAGUS SOUP.—Cut the asparagus in pieces a half-inch long, boil in water with a little salt, and add rich sweet cream to

httle salt, and add rich sweet cream to thicken the soup.

ASPARAGUS GREENS.—Boil the stalks with a slice of salt pork, in barely water enough to cover them, so that, when tender, there will be scarcely any left. Drain it and serve with vinegar; this is an excellent green, but it will be found too expensive, unless grown by the consequence.

by the consumer. A VEAL POT PIE.—Take the neck, the shank and almost any pieces you have. Boil them long enough to skim off all the blood. Make a paste and roll it about as thick as the end of your little finger. If it is to be boiled, butter the pot and lay in the crust, cutting out a piece on each side of the circle in such a way as to prevent its having thick folds in the pot. Put in a layer of meat, then flour, salt and pepper it, and add a little butter or a slice or two of salt pork, as you choose. If you use pork a very small quantity of butter will suffice. Do this until ou have laid in all your meat; pour in enough of the water in which the veal was boiled to half fill the kettle, then lay on the top crust and cut a large hole in it to allow the escape of the steam. Watch that it does not burn, and pour in more of the water through the hole in the crust if necessary. Boil an hour

To Bake A SHAD, -Clean the fish, wash To Bake A SHAD.—Clean the hsh, wash and wipe it dry. Split the fish, and fill it with dressing of bread and water seasoned with pepper and salt; bind the fish with cord or tape, rub it with salt, and put it to bake; when in the bake-pan, lay on the fish bits of butter; let it bake slowly until well done. Fish are often baked without any dressing. Shad and other fish are sometimes roasted before the fire on planks for the purpose: before the fire on planks for the purpose; they are very nice, and when roasted in this manner, no stuffing is used. In dishing baked fish, be careful to leave them whole:

a mangled fish looks very badly on the table.
TINCTURE OF COCULUS INDICUS (Fishrries) or a strong decoction used as a wash will be dead shot for any kind of lice on man, beasts or fowls. Perfectly innocuous otherwise. Cannot say, and do not believe either that it would affect the eggs. H. K.

